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ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1921

Edited By
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INTRODUCTORY

The present volume follows the plan first adopted in compiling the Anthology. It is an attempt to show the sentiment of the people generally concerning current events. By collecting the more distinctive verse published in the newspapers representing all parts of the country, it is hoped to record the thoughts of the great mass of the people, and make available to the student of history a source of information regarding those things that seemed of most interest during the year. The selections are made with this thought in view, not because of literary merit alone. Those poems that show a degree of polish and at the same time tell a story are deemed worthy of preservation.

Poetry is the medium through which the great heart of the masses seeks expression. Either in protest against the lash of servitude; the silent sorrow of a bleeding heart; the triumphal song of the winner in life's battles, or the happiness that comes to one in a wonderful world of beauty and mystery.

Of more than three thousand poems read in compiling this volume, by far the greatest number on any one theme had to do with the burial of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. It would have been an easy task to compile a volume on this subject alone.

Earlier in the year our Ambassador to the Court of St. James was credited with saying, in a speech in London, that the United States did not go into the war so much for the love of mankind as for self-defense. This fired the hearts of many people, with the result that a great number of poems appeared in all parts of the country, most of them lamenting the fact that our representative should express such an opinion.

The visit of Madam Curie, the discoverer of radium, was the theme of considerable newspaper verse. It is of interest to note that this visit brought a response from the poets of all parts of the country.

Perhaps the next in importance of the events of the year, judging by the number of newspaper poems,

was the phrase used by President Harding in a speech, "It must not be again."

The death of Caruso was felt by many of our people to be a great loss to the country, as well as to the musical world. Most of the poems on this theme came from the Eastern states.

The usual number of sentimental poems, many of them of merit, appeared during the year.

Newspaper verse is interesting. It is a barometer of the sentiment of the people in all parts of the country. Just when there seems to be a lull in the wave of interest in some theme of national importance, there will appear a ripple over the country and the poems of sentiment and of unthought-of things will appear. As an example of this, early in the year, writers, all the way from Maine to Minnesota, sang the praises of the red-winged blackbird. The South sang of love. The Southwest of poppies and coyotes, Alaska wanted Territorial government, and some of her writers seemed to blame other poets for giving the "North Countree" a bad name.

In the tapestries of dreams woven by love upon the loom of life we may trace, not only the brilliant outstanding colors, but, often, in the subdued background, we may know the sigh of a sorrowing soul; the sad longing of a chastened spirit, or hear the faint tinkling of bells, or the roll of a distant drum.

Franklyn Pierre Davis.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

ARMISTICE DAY AT ARLINGTON.

*"The prayers of the faithful go up to heaven
unceasingly."*

The wind today is full of ghosts with ghostly bugles
blowing,
Where shadows steal across the world, as silent as
the dew.
Where golden youth is yellow dust, by haunted rivers
flowing
Through valleys where the crosses grow, as harvest
wheat is growing,
And only dead men see the line that passes in re-
view.

The gripping clay once more gives way before the
Mighty Mother
Who waits with everlasting arms to guard her sleep-
ing sons.
And lonely mates in silent fields call out to one another
The story of an empty grave, where each has lost a
brother,
Who takes the long, long trail at last beyond the
rusting guns.

Gently the east wind brought him home to meet the
south wind sighing.
'Softly the north wind breathes his name that none
of us may know.
For only those who fell with him, out in the darkness
lying,
Can tell his company or rank, and they are unreplying,
As each dreams on through summer dawns or win-
ter's mantling snow.

Nameless—and yet how gallantly he faced the roaring
thunder

Where names were less than star-dust as the crash-
ing steel swept by
To take its endless toll of those the night squad
spaded under,
Clod upon clod, beneath the sod that time alone may
sunder,
Held where the wind-blown grasses stir beneath an
alien sky.

He'll miss, perhaps, the poppy blooms that sway above
the clover,
But rose-red wreaths of Arlington bend low above
his dreams.
The reveille at dawn is done, the slogging hikes are
over,
Where out the friendly lanes of home, a gay and
careless rover,
His wild, free spirit seeks the hills and haunts the
singing streams.

No more he moves by Meuse or Aisne, some shell-
swept river wading,
No marching orders call him from his rough-hewn
granite grave.
And when at dusk we hear far off the eerie drum-
taps fading,
What hallowed spot holds more than this, with spec-
tral lines parading
Blood of our blood, dust of our dust, "the ashes of
our brave"?

There will be tears from watching eyes, where rain
and mist are blended,
There will be heartache in the lines where gold-
starred mothers wait.
But where the great shells fall no more, what vision is
more splendid
Than peace along the once-scarred fields, the last red
battle ended,
Peace that he helped to bring again above the twi-
light gate?

Let valor's minstrel voices sing his fame for future
pages,
But when the starless darkness comes and the long
silence creeps,
When blossom mists of spring return or winter tor-
rent rages,
Write this above his nameless dust, to last beyond the
ages,
"Safe in the Mighty Mother's arms an Unknown
Soldier sleeps."

The New York Tribune.

Grantland Rice.

IN ARLINGTON.

Does he lie gladly in the earth of home
Tonight, beneath his weight of fame and flowers?
And is his sleep secure?
Have the proud hearts who left him there to rest
Turned back to living humbly, with a vow
So deep it *must* endure?

He went so honestly to death! Can they
Dare to forget the need of honesty
And wreck Tomorrow with their petty fears,
So that his happy ghost must some day rise
To look with bitterly accusing eyes
On a vast ruin of the Future's years?

If so, they made but mockery and play
Of honor and its wearer yesterday.
New York Times. *Edna Mead.*

UNKNOWN.

No floral tribute, wreath or cross,
No cold and graven shaft of stone,
Need grace the final resting place
Of him who passes as Unknown.
A thousand feet might pass him by
With none to claim the loyal slain,
And yet an e'er enduring God
Has marked his grave upon the plain.

The golden sun and silver star
Each in his turn shall guard his bier,
And Heaven's rain shall be the tears
That fall in sorrow, year on year.
The rumbling thunder of the storm
Shall be the echo of the charge,
The sombre grandeur of the clouds
The spirit of the smoke barrage.

Between the twilight and the dawn
Unheard, yet with celestial tongue,
The name that has been lost in war
Upon the sighing wind is sung.
Unknown! Not so, for angel hands
Shall point in glory from the skies
Towards the humble sepulchre
And Fame shall say, "Here Valor lies!"

Boston Transcript.

Frederic T. Cardozo.

UNKNOWN.

*Somewhere tonight, 'neath this starry vault,
A mother sits alone;
No one save God sees the falling tear,
Or marks her stifled moan;
And a pale moon, white,
Sends a shaft of light
O'er a lonely grave in Arlington,
Where a soldier sleeps—UNKNOWN.*

It was dusk, when they brought the stretcher in,
With a youthful soldier, lying
Pale, and still, with breath so faint
You scarce could catch its sighing;
And the lips, blue white
In pain, drawn tight,
And the matted hair on a death damp brow,
That told them he was dying.

Gently they set the stretcher down,
And knelt by the soldier's side,
 Striving to stanch the steady flow
 Of that cruel wound, gaping wide,
But the rich blood, red,
So freely shed,
 Was drifting a martyr's soul away,
 On the never returning tide.

All night long, on the hospital cot,
With scarcely a change, he lay,
 But he stirred, and roused, when the first red
 shone
 In the east at break of day,
And his eye grew bright
With a holy light,
 As he murmured a word (all in all to him),
 Just "Mother"—then passed away.

No clue there was to home or friends,
Of the nameless hero, brave,
 And with heavy hearts, they draped his bier
 With the Flag he'd died to save;
And the setting sun
Shed its light upon
 The word—UNKNOWN—cut on the cross
 They placed above his grave.

*Somewhere tonight, 'neath this starry vault,
A mother sits alone;
 No one save God sees the falling tear,
 Or marks her stifled moan;
And a pale moon, white,
Sends a shaft of light
 O'er an honored grave in Arlington,
 Where a hero sleeps—UNKNOWN.*

Boston Post.

B. F. Pierce.

“WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH WITH
BLOOD-STAINED GARMENTS?”

Soldier, what your name?

Whence your forbears?

Were they from vaunted ones of earth,

Or were they lowly and obscure?

What was your life? Did you walk

In noble halls of learning, or follow plow

Through brown, sweet-smelling furrows?

What looked you like? Was your

Young body spare or generous of girth?

Had you eyes of laughing hazel

Or of a quiet gray?

Were you strong

To suffer, or did you shrink from pain

And needs must summon all your powers

To help you bear the cruel hurt of war?

What knowledge have we of you—save that

Once some dear young mother bore you,

Clasped you to her breast in rapture;

Some glad father took you in his arms

And thrilled to know that you would

Wear his name and one day hold his hand

And with beginning steps walk by his side!

What dreams attended on your coming—

Here was a man-child who might live

To show the world what could be

The measure of a man.

Even so was it to be: And yet,

How different from the dreams.

Know we naught else of you, our Soldier?

Yes!

Proudly know that you were not a slacker,

Know that when you heard the bugle-call

You answered, “I am here,”

Bared your breast to take the blow

Aimed at your country’s life

And for that life exchanged your own:

What need we more to know?

You are not one alone,
O quiet sleeper, lying here,
You are every lad who heard the call
And heeded not of self, but for country
(And for me your grateful debtor),
Gave that which all men everywhere
Have ever counted dearest.

We cannot honor you tho we give you now
Far more than your imagination ever sought:
It is you who honor us, forevermore.

Washington Star.

Mary L. D. McFarland.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS.

Unknown I lie among historic dead
A nameless thing, returned to dust from whence I
came.
A mystery sealed within a leaden case,
Inanimate, a testimony of War's shame.
Unknown, yet honored with those who bore
Medals, or wore the star of generals on their braid,
Whose fame and deeds are very household words,
And thus among this noted company my poor re-
mains are laid.
Unknown, save to a soul that watches o'er the
mound
Where what is earthly of me has been placed there,
Memorialized by state and nation I am laid away,
In six feet of earth—each living mortal's share.
Unknown, a captain's bar my shoulders never knew
Nor major's leaf glittered from a war-stained sun,
Perhaps I wore a chevron on my arm,
But ornaments of rank—I fear that there were
none.
Unknown, just a doughboy or mayhap marine,
I gave my body that the land I loved might live,
Ah, God, what more could I or even Christ have done,
What save this poor thing had I to sacrifice or give?

Unknown, I am honored by the land I sought to serve
and

Buried with the pomp that monarchs never knew,
Worshipped by all the people, from sea to sea,
And yet I'm only one of countless few!

Unknown, my buddies lie in Flanders Fields

Or 'neath the skies of Brittany, gleaming blue,
So, unknown tho I am, I ask the land for which I
died,

Not to forget them, but to give them glory, too!

Walla Walla Bulletin.

Joseph Ruffner, Jr.

OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

The shrine at Arlington is now your tomb,
O nameless Hero, and, in honoring you,
Our country honors all her heroes who
Laid down their lives to stay the darker doom—
For Freedom's torch was flick'ring into gloom.

Stedfast you fought against the vicious view
That Liberty existed for the few,
That Justice was a whim on one man's loom.

Unknown and dead, yet with a living fame,
Your valor, that of thousands, thrills the soul.
To Hate, a stranger; new to War's dread claim;
You reached and ever hold the highest goal.
In peace rest in your tomb, you make it great,
Your spirit, not these stones, inspires our State.

Washington Star.

Virginia Nelson Parmer.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Sleep on in peace, my unknown soldier brave!
A nation touched by valiant deeds displayed
Today in reverence gathers at your grave,
As tribute to the sacrifice you made!

And while you sleep a torn and bleeding world,
Distorted, crazed and weary of the strife,
In saneness comes with flags of truce unfurled,
To arbitrate in conference for its life!

God grant the spirit of those such as you,
Who gave their all that freer men might live,
Will guide the rulings of the conclave through,
And cause the most self-centered there to give!

Then, in such case, those peoples bowed in grief,
Disconsolate of happiness again,
Will rise once more, convinced in their belief
That neither He nor you have died in vain!
Washington Star. *W. H. Calgett.*

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

If he had known, when shrilled the cry for aid,
Not quite enough it was for him to die;
That on his crumbling shoulders should be laid
The last indignity—

Eternal namelessness—think you that he
Had flinched; had on the wharf's edge stayed his
feet;
Turned back to life, garbed in the witchery
Of Spring's allurements—passing sweet?

Nay, he had smiled and stormed toward the goal;
The more determined in his high emprise:
For liberty was as a flame within his soul,
As light unto his eyes.

O unknown soldier; let me brave flags fling,
Not at half-mast, but in the upper air;
For thy great soul I would have armies sing,
Triumphal trumpets blare.

Philadelphia Public Ledger. O. R. Howard Thompson.

MAYBE.

I.

When we have laid to rest
With solemn pomp and circumstance,
One of the Nation's best
Who nameless fell in bleeding France,
The tribute paid to him
Can not assuage his mother's grief,
Nor make her eyes less dim,
Nor give her burdened heart relief.

II.

For she who gave that man-child birth
And pillowed first his head,
Has never known what plot of earth
Entombs her precious dead.
If she by chance that grave shall see,
To her may come this thought:
"Maybe this is my son—maybe! maybe!
Maybe the son I sought!"

The Washington Times.

Joe Roscoe Conklin.

VOICE OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

Oh, my people! Do ye wonder
Whom the spades are digging under,
To the gun's saluting thunder
And the bugle's final call!
Was I one of starved affection?
Was I bowed with imperfection?
Oh, until the resurrection
It shall matter not at all!

What I was hath passed behind me
With the dust that God assigned me;
And the grave that once confined me
Hath been opened for a space
That my voice may speak in thunder,
While the spades shall dig me under,
Of the wrath that tears asunder,
Or opposes race to race.

And my words shall prove a treasure
If ye think, in toil and pleasure,
That as ye shall justly measure,
God shall mete to you; nor cease
Till His world be wrapt in wonder,
Where the guns no more shall thunder
And the spades that dig me under
Be the symbols of His peace.

Hollywood News.

Herbert Stotesbury

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

I am the numberless Unknown
Who have cast the shrouds of things that seem.
My grave is a planet's cornerstone,
Holding the ashes of a dream
Whose sacrificial fire blazes from zone to zone.

I am the wastrel child whom War
Hath rendered baptism, not in birth
But death, where the unseen hosts that pour
Libation on the blood-dark earth,
Intone through my mute lips the eternal: *Nevermore!*

Yea, *Nevermore!* By that mystic name
Youth's hallow'd blood hath christened me—
Nevermore! Ye living, let it flame
The challenge of your destiny—
Nevermore!—to pride and pestilence and hate and
shame!

War—Nevermore! O lives that pray
For liberation, make that will
Your watchword, till the thing ye say
Because the law your deeds fulfill;
Then I with Christ will rise in sanction from my clay.

For I am dust of a deathless spark;
Unmastered engine self-ensnared;
The bullet-molder and his mark,
Shattered by dazzling creeds I shared
With you—and your own blindness muffles me in dark.

But my dark shall have no need of the sun
Neither of the moon to shine in it,
If Christ His dawning Will be done,
And this my clay-bed shall be lit
By the stars that blanket me, if my last fight be won.

Masters of life! On your decree,
Unknown and numberless, I wait;
From war's earth-blind captivity
Untomb me! Let your love be fate
And crown my risen youth with timeless victory!
New York Times. *Percy Mackaye.*

MEMORIAL DAY, 1921.

Standing Guard on the River Meuse—
Here a squad and there a platoon;
There in the mist a lonely lad
Watching beneath the silent moon,
Eyes to the east, but heart at home—
Tell me, ye winds, that nightly roam:
Who are the boys on the River Meuse?

Answer the winds: "These shiver no more
When we carry the snow from an icy shore;
They dread not steel nor shell nor wave,
They are standing each man above his grave—
Michigan, Texas, Virginia, Maine,
Golden California—these are your slain,
Columbia's slain on the River Meuse."

Are they sighting the enemy bold,
A crafty marksman in yonder wold?
Are they awaiting the break of day
To meet the Prussian in bloody fray?
The haughty guards lie stark and still,
They've made their bed on marsh and hill,
They fight no more on the River Meuse.

Columbia's fallen, spirits free,
Past life's rancor and bitter hates,
See the dread enemy in you and in me
That batters against America's gates!
There is a Prussian in us all
Since the day of our father Adam's fall:
They are watching him on the River Meuse.

They are watching the boy who heeds no law,
The maiden sipping the poison bowl,
The slacker sneaking through the dark,
The soul-blind, money-grubbing mole,
The worker who sows not and wants to reap,
The rich man stealing the poor man's sheep;
They're watching them on the River Meuse.

Pale figures fade as the morning breaks,
Faint voices are wafted across the deep:
"Buddies, we're weary and crumbling away;
Who'll mount the guard so the dead may sleep?
Who'll grip the rifle and beat the drum?"
March, Legion, march, thine hour has come!
Bring peace to the boys on the River Meuse!

Pullman Herald.

Carl Philipp.

"IT MUST NOT BE AGAIN."

"It must not be again,"
So say the ghosts of men,
Whose lives they freely gave,
Democracy to save.

"It must not be again,"
The mothers of those men
Sigh, as the cost of war
Comes home to them once more.

"It must not be again,"
What is more natural, then,
Than that this mandate went
Straight to the President?

"It must not be again,"
The President hears when,
From prejudice apart
He listens to his heart.

"It must not be again,"
Challenges every pen
And every voice to give
The League a chance to live.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Miller Hageman.

WILSON'S PRAYER.

Lord of Nations,
For this sick and wasted body
I do not pray;
Keep sacred my country's honor
Just for today.
Make her pledges inviolate
All through the fray;
May thy precepts guide her statesmen
For these I pray.

Lord, for this tired and thought-worn mind
Ne'er would I fret;
But the blasted hopes of a world
Would I regret.
Let not that peace dream sink in dust
Or fade away;
For it was born on Calvary's Tree
And not today.

Lord, for this still and withered hand
I do not care;
Nor for the acid cup of hate
That I must bear.
But for the bleeding hearts of men
Who grope today
For the peace and love that is not
For these I pray.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Dow Edgerton.

THE CITIZENS OF NO MAN'S LAND.

Why is it that, altho we settle down
And live the lives we lived, a strange unrest,
A something, haunts us as we work or play—
A restlessness too vague to be exprest?

Is it that we who, out there, walked with Death
And knew the fellowship of Fear and Pain,
Are citizens for ay of No Man's Land,
And never shall be as we were again?

To those of us who played the Game out there,
And saw brave men, who failed to win, lose all
Where Fate was dealer, Life and Death the stakes,
Shall other games forevermore seem small?

'Tis true that home is dear, that love is sweet,
And pleasant are our friends to be among,
Yet something lacks, to us from No Man's Land—
Is it that no one here can speak our tongue?

We cannot tell them what befell us there,
For well we know they could not understand,
So each sits quiet, by his own hearth fire,
And sees therein the sights of No Man's Land!

We have a secret way to judge of men—
Is it a way we learned to judge out there,
But what, or how we learned it, none will tell—
It is a secret that we cannot share!

See this rich fool, here, fling his new-got gold
While waiters fawn and bow and watch his hand!
Here he is king, but we look on and smile—
Gold could not buy your way in No Man's Land!

And this smooth orator who thrills the throng
With tales of noble deeds in No Man's Land,
If he had seen, as we saw, brave men die,
He'd have no rhetoric at his command.

They feel our strangeness, too—those at our side
Who chatter of the things of every day;
They mark our silences, our strange reserve,
“Ah, he is changed!” they shake their heads and say.

They say the dead return not, but I think
We know, who have come back from No Man's Land,
How ghosts must feel, to walk familiar ways,
And yet find no one there to understand!
The New York Times. *Roselle Mercier Montgomery.*

THOSE WHO SLEEP IN FRANCE.

When all is dark,
And Life's frail baubles tire,
I turn again to take the pathway winding
Where brooding pines are touched by sunset fire;
Mid friends of yore, assured of finding
A welcome warm that still will show
No change from long ago,
Tho all seems dark.

And smiles again
I know will greet me there,
The same—alas! the same in future never;
For some met Fate amid the unbound air,
Beneath the sea some sleep forever,
And far in France on vale and hill
The legion lie who will
Not come again.

Mid faces strange,
Far from their home they lie;
And shall we leave them there, nor have to treasure,
Those poor remains—not feel they still are nigh?
Yes, leave them there! A higher measure
Of justice bids them stedfast stand
Forever in that land
Of faces strange.

Their comrades gone,
The armies are no more,
They wait that those unborn may learn the story
How men could die in days of yore.
Take not their sole remaining glory!
What boots a little empty clay?
They yet shall mark the way
When we are gone.

Henceforth those dead
No more are ours alone.
They are the heritage of all the ages,
Of all far quests and high desires known
To yearning dreamers, poets, sages.
Nor yours the right to bring them back,
'Twas they that chose the track—
Those more than dead.

Leave them in peace,
Break not their last, long post
Where in the dark before the Paris portal
They stemmed the tide and broke the Teuton boast,
Or where their blood will leap immortal
In poppy flame in Flanders' fields,
And valiant striving yields
To dreamless peace.

Boston Transcript.

Erik Achorn.

RED POPPIES

Red poppies are a sign to me
Of things I never more may see ;

Of ships that plied to St. Nazaire
To carry soldiers over there.

Along the shore where poppies blow
We used to watch them come and go.

Of twilight strolls when lonesomeness
Was softened by Yvonne's caress.

Of endless days of sweating drill
Where poppies grew on every hill.

In fields of wheat and hidden death
Red poppies spread their soothing breath.

Beside a shattered church of stone
A poppy dared to bloom alone.

When Jimmie Morton tumbled dead
I saw a poppy kiss his head.

Ah ! tears must come when memory's chance
Recalls the hills and fields of France,

Where poppies grow eternally
And feed upon the heart of me.

Foreign Service.

S. Omer Barker.

FRANCE AND PEACE.

Along the trenches near the dead
Once more the poppies grow ;
And waving meadows meet the sun
Where sabers clashed, where boomed the gun,
And heroes met the hated foe
In deadly strife brief years ago.

Amid the ruins in and out
The orphaned children play,
Unmindful that their sires bled
And now, with the expectant dead,
In bright and holier array,
Await earth's final reveille.

In vain they bled unless we seek
The poppy, not the shell,
And peace to lead the children on
Until the curse of hate is gone.
Not war again with fires of hell
To blight the France they loved so well.

The mighty hand of time doth heal
The scars of passion's day.
Where battles raged now cattle low
And sturdy yeomen plow and sow,
While mothers lift their hearts to praise
The God of Peace for better days.

Buffalo Express.

Millard S. Burns.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD

(A PROTEST)

Come toll
For the dead;
Not for their soul—
That has not fled!
Chant dole
For him who said
Death's toll
And our nation's dread
Were paid for a poor and selfish fear,
And not for mankind before Freedom's bier!

What! Did we send
Our stalwart sons
Paid help to lend
Greed's myrmidons?
Did we defend
Against the Huns
Some baser end
That knighthood shuns?
Today are weeping kin bereft,
With such poor solace cheated, left?

If so,
 Bow down the head;
Bend low,
 And fresh tears shed!—
Oh, wo!
 Less for the dead
They flow
 Than those base-bred,
Who doomed them for aught lesser gain
Than rescue for a world in pain!

Nay, nay,
 It is not true!
None may
 Bid us to rue
That day
 When Freedom's residue
Through sacrificial clay
 Again to power grew!
O'er these, our offspring's hallowed remains,
We bless them for redemption's bitter pains.

Then ring
 The muffled bells
That ring
Calm to the breast that swells
At slander's uttering.
 Strike dumb the tongue that tells
So vile a thing
 As that her children's lives Columbia sells!
We, their survivors, know these were her gift
That prostrate Liberty again her brow might lift!

So this Memorial Day,
Above their moldering clay
We rise to call them blest
In their eternal rest.
Their mortal part heroic bled o'er seas;
Their spirits light the Immortal Verities!

Toll, toll
A proud and solemn knell;
Each soul
Acclaim with reverential bell;
With iron tongues unroll
In mankind's ears,
Adown the years,
The inspiring rune these dead may no more tell!
New York Times. *Herman Montagu Donner.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

*So long as Honor holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!*

The stricken fields of France still bleed from open
wounds,
The livid scars in Flanders have not healed,
In No Man's Land the pines still echo back the sounds
Of crashing waves 'gainst walls that never yield,
The smoldering ruins of humble homes,
The graves of heroes still unknown,
The skeleton cathedral domes,
The drooping weed on sculptured stone,
Still testify of priceless sacrifice for Right—
Still signalize the meanness of unrighteous might.

A hundred thousand sturdy sons of England's best,
With backs against a spattered wall faced Hell;
As many thousand crosses plead for them at rest,
Where yesterday they proudly fought so well,
And thousands more, yes, millions more,
From school and shop, from hut and hall,
From factories' forge, from village store,
Fast followed on, in turn to fall.
Till every blade of grass seems drenched in blood
And every placid stream a crimson flood.

Along the Somme, at Ypres, Amiens, Verdun,
On Alpine heights, in submerged wintry sea,
Fair youth kept tryst with death, tho God knows all too
soon,

That justice might be sure, democracy be free,
They counted not their lives as dear,
They scorned to boast of what they did,
They never doubted triumph near,
They knew that right could not be hid,
For Belgium, Italy, fair England, sunny France,
Men leapt to die as maidens spring to dance!

And yet—great God, forgive!—men tell of what they
owe—

Of billions due from Europe, even now—
As if deep lines of care and withering wo
Had not been stamped for us on her sad brow!

Great God forgive, great God forget,
If ever once we think of gold—
If in our selfishness we let
Some tale of petty greed be told.

*So long as Honor holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!*
New York Times. *Francis Bourne Upham.*

ARMISTICE

*How close the white-ranked crosses crowd,
Beneath the Flag which seems to be
A soaring, hovering glory-cloud
On lily-fields of Calvary!*

Ours, ours they are—
Those dear, dead knights who won the Golden Star;
On far French hills, here in our churchyards lying,
Or in war's wildest wreckage—still unfound
In those torn, piteous fields which they, in dying,
Have for us all forever sanctified.
We cannot hallow more that holy ground;
All glory we would give them pales beside
The eternal splendor of those men, who thought
But of the sacred cause for which they fought.

And now, the battles done,
They who gave all, 'tis they alone who won,
In their great faith there was no dark misgiving;
They saw no base self-seekers don the mask
Of high ideals, to batten on the living.
Their vision was a world secure and just,
Won by their victory—their only task
To crush one hideous foe; and in that trust
They sped with eager feet, and paid the price,
Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice.

That faith they hold,
The peace for which they battled was pure gold,
And in their splendid zeal they died unshaken,
Knowing such sacred beauty fills their sleep,
Shall we yet mourn, or wish they might awaken
To find the golden peace so far debased?
Should we not rather pray that they may keep
Their shining vision spotless, undefaced,
Until the world, repentant and redeemed,
Grow to the measure of the one they dreamed?

So let them rest.
They gave for us their dearest and their best;
They keep the holiest. Yet for their giving
Our fittest tribute is not grief and tears,
But the same ardent vision in our living,
As that which shone, compelling, in their eyes
Uncowed by Death and all his dreadful fears,
Then, when at last these glorious dreamers rise,
The world we keep for them might almost seem
The living substance of their lofty dream!

*How white the crosses—white and small!
With what proud love the Flag appears
To mother them! * * * And then it all
Is blurred by the insistent tears.*

New York Times.

Charles Buxton Going.

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

When they gather together from East and West,
From beyond the coast of the farthest sea—
The strangest conference ever known—
What will their final judgment be?
Was the Armageddon that taste of hell
When the world saw red three years ago?
Do the hearts of men know love at last
With sufficient courage to prove it so?
Ah, there lies the test! For the song of hate
Is born in the soul of each fighting son
Toward those who would stain his honored flag.
Earth's battle-royal has just begun!

Great wave on wave in a surging flood
Come memories—each of his land and race;
And the burden-cry of the centuries gone
Demands that each sacrifice have place!
But the future? Tearing each other's throats
Like dogs gone mad is primeval, raw
As savagery. Have not men grown
To the height of finding a cleaner law?
To some bloodless way to end dispute
That "live and let live" shall be more than phrase
Of idealism. That craven fear
No longer darken the golden days?

Hush! Gathered there in that council hall,
Sacred and silent, a wondrous throng
Unseen, are patriots—statesmen; they
To whom our honors of war belong.
God's messengers! Into each living heart
These who have struggled, and fought, and bled
And counted the cost from the Other Shore
Shall speak. The voice of America's dead!
Then can we doubt what the outcome be?
Our ancestors knelt on New England sands!
Washington prayed at Valley Forge!
Love's scepter lies in their spirit hands.
Harrisburg Telegraph. *Anna Hamilton Wood.*

THE DAY OF PEACE.

"Neither shall they (the people) learn war any more."—ISAIAH 2:4 and MICAH 4:3.

"He scattereth (margin) the people that delight in war."—PSALM 68:30.

"Wisdom is better than the weapons of war."—ECCLESIASTES 9:18.

With yearning eyes, we look for that glad Day
When war shall be no more;
When love shall o'er the whole wide world hold sway
From shore to utmost shore.

For peace we long, as longs the mother's heart
For son whom she hath borne;
Whose deepest soul hath felt War's piercing dart;
From whom life's hopes are shorn.

For peace we pray with ev'ry breath we draw,
And God will grant our pray'r;—
The Eye Omniscient still runs to and fro
O'er Earth, and Sea, and Air.

The cause of Righteousness is God's, and He
But waits till men shall yield
Their wisdom unto His,—when they shall see
The pow'r His arm doth wield.

The tyrant War shall fall at His command,
Never again to rise;
His armaments will rust, and fail to stand
Before Love's melting eyes.

For that glad Day we work, and hope, and pray,
With ev'ry breath we breathe;
Lord, hear our fervent pray'r, and speed the Day
When men their swords shall sheathe.

O God of all the nations! Hear our plea,
This solemn hour and grave!
As pleads the parent for his child, so we
Implore Thine arm to save.

Give wisdom unto those who meet this hour—
Great minds from near and far;
Lead, and control them by Thy mighty pow'r;
Be Thou their Guiding Star.

Then Peace shall spread her wings o'er all the world,
Fair Eden to restore;
The Banner of God's love shall stay unfurled,
And war shall be no more.

O Day of Peace! O happy, glorious Day!
Faith views thy radiant face!
Speed on! Oh! speed on thy triumphant way!
Hasten, O Day of grace.

Boston Transcript.

Jennie Wilson-Howell.

THE PHANTOM FLEET.

(A LEGEND OF 1935)

"The Scrapped, the Unborn and the Unchristened Ships—The Phantom Fleet that Will Help to Keep the Peace of the World."—*The New York Times*, Nov. 15, 1921.

Open the door of their kennels,
And whistle them forth to die,
The silent old sea-mastiffs
Dark in their docks that lie.
There's many a seaman's bosom
Will heave with a sobbing breath
When the giant gray sea-mastiffs
Steam out to drink their death.

— So we called to their keepers,
And we stood and watched them drown;
Dogged and dour and silent,
Our dogs of the sea went down,
Died for a word and a vision,
While the wise ones prattled of peace,
And the keen ones sketched new dreadnoughts
When the ten years' truce should cease.

Hearts of men, ye are shifting
As the shifting sand that blows,
But the deep-drowned heart of iron
Is stedfast to what it knows;
The deep-drowned old sea-mastiffs
Had still a watch to keep
Against the day of new-born fray,
Shaking the peaceful deep.

When the fleet went steaming seaward,
And the other fleet drew in,
Two grim half-moons of battle
In a morning-twilight thin,
Ere ever a gun had spoken,
Men heard a seaman shout,
And—those gray points that prick the wave,
Are they masts and funnels, or do we rave?
They rise, they loom—from its resting-grave
The Phantom Fleet rides out!

Up from the floor of ocean,
Gray with her ancient slime,
Dripping arose the dreadnoughts,
The monsters of their time;
Rolling brine from their scuppers,
Rocked by an unseen swell,
They hailed the younger squadrons,
Foeman and friend as well.

“We bowed our heads to the ocean,
We drank her bitter brine;
We went to our death unconquered,
Mighty ships of the line;
We had carried our lives like banners,
But gladly we laid them down,
All for a word and a vision
And an end that Peace should crown.

“Will ye make of us a mocking?
Shall we have died for naught,
When we veiled our heads with the waters
And gave up the fight unfought?
We are the Phantom Squadron
With the barnacles on our rails,
And when we rise to battle,
By God, ye shall turn your tails!”

The wise ones tell of parleys
By which the fight was stayed,
But ask the frightened gunners
That clung to the rails and prayed!
Courage was there, and guns to spare,
For foes of mortal breath,
But who can fight with a squadron
That has broken the doors of death?

So one fleet faded eastward,
And one fleet faded west,
And the wise ones told the story
In the words that pleased them best;
But the seamen know—and they tell it so—
That when men's hearts were hot,
The old sea-dogs the danger heard,
The drowned sea-mastiffs waked and stirred,
And rose to war for the warrior's word
And the Peace that men forgot.

New York Times.

Cora Hardy Jarrett.

THE "GOLDEN STEP"

I can hear the stalwart sailors singing chanties;
As they weigh the dripping anchors at your bow.
The tropic sun's a-glare upon your mainsail,
And the spray is flashing up before the prow.

There's a pungent smell of tar upon your rigging,
And the salt of seven seas—if all were told—
While the air is heavy sweet above the hatches
With the perfume of the spices in the hold.

'Tis thus I see you sailing out of Malta
With your black hull eager for the spray.

How can it be you're just a dusty model
In an antique shop, I saw the other day?

Springfield Republican.

Anne Johnson Robinson.

THE OLD QUADRILLES.

Far, far away in the Ozark Hills,
The young folks dance the old quadrilles.
Overalls and shirts of blue,
Cowhide boots and jumpers too,
Their swaying bodies all keeping time,
To the fiddler's tune, and caller's rime.

"First couple out, and lead to the right,
Follow the girl with the eyes so bright,
You-all jump up, and never come down,
The holler of your foot
Makes a hole in the ground,
Ala' man all
Around the hall."

Laughing Janie, her eyes full of joy,
Shyly watches the fiddler boy,
Playing, as he never played before,
For her to dance on the puncheon floor.

"Do se do,
Around your beau
Roosters in the center, four hands 'round,
Swing your partner off'en the ground,
Whirl the girl from Arkansaw,
Chaw more tobaccy than yer Paw kin chaw,
Saw more wood than yer Maw kin saw,
Dance with the girl from Arkansaw,
Balance all
Around the hall."

"Turkey in the Straw," "No More to Roam,"
"Arkansaw Traveler," "Home Sweet Home."
"Git your partners, last set of all,"
Gaily they follow the old-time call.

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world.
Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The lanterns flicker, and morning gray
Brings another long working day;
There are cows to milk, and plows to guide,
Down the old trail-ways, side by side
The dancers flit, their laughing calls,
Echoing through the forest halls,
Over the hills to her mountain home
Pretty Janie follows alone.
Through the glade and down the swale,
Past the church, and in the vale,
By the cool swift brook, where willows meet,
Pausing to lave her weary feet.
Over her shoulder her best shoes swing,
Softly, the mocking bird hears her sing,

"Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The birds are singing of love and joy,
As down the trail the fiddler boy,
Leaps the brook and over the rocks,
He follows on, and never stops,
Until he comes to the pasture gate,
Where happiness and Janie wait;
As he gaily speeds along,
He hums the caller's careless song:

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world."

The Joplin News-Herald. Luella Lathrop Hoagland.

HER UKULELE TO AN ABSENT HAWAIIAN MAID.

Thrum me a low Hawaiian air,
Fair maid!
Pass your soft fingers
Over these tense strings of mine,
Mingling your girlish laughter,
Mirthful and fine,
With silken liquid notes of sound
Divine!

Ripple them forth:
Hawaiian sunshine,
Velvet breeze and rainbow shower,
All prisoned till your gentle touch
Let's free their subtle power!

Give us a song!
Of islands far-away,
Of nights at Waikiki,
Friends at Kailua Bay!

Low symphonies of palms and fleecy skies,
Of rarest tints of dawn,
Of kind, brown eyes;
Of voices tuned to mine own chords
In half-sad minor keys;
Of murmurous seas
Which ride with glee and roar
Up to the smiling shore!

So use me
As remembrancer of happy days,
Dear, loving girl whose cheek
Has in it hint of mine own place;
Whose eyes have shadowy depths—
Whose ways
Are ways of brightness and of grace!

Thrum me a soft Hawaiian air,
Sweet maid!
Let through your fingers all your soul,
And spend your voice in silver notes
Thrilling my weathered breast!
Sing aloha, sweet aloha, to me,
Sad-happy strains of far-off Hawaii!

Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

E. S. Goodhue.

WELCOME, EDITORS!

Since that day in eighty-nine
When you hit the frenzied line,
To invade this land o' mine
 With the rest,
You have been the pioneers,
Through the hard and strenuous years,
Till this magic state appears
 At its best.

Pocketful of type, you had,
Army press—and it was bad—
Were all you saved, my plucky lad,
 In the run.
Hot into the fight you went,
Jumped a lot, and bought a tent;
Employee and management,
 All in one!

Where the Cheyenne smoked his pipe,
'Fore the day of linotype,
Or the time for it was ripe,
 You were here.
Plugged away the best you could.
Always for your country's good—
Took subscriptions in on wood,
 By the year.

Had a dream of future wealth.
Working mostly for your health.
Scorning trickery or stealth—
 Such were you.
Set your standards good and high,
Drank some booze—but by-and-by
Fought and bled, and "made 'er dry."
 Hal-le-loo!

In the forefront of the fight
You have battled for the right,
Through the darkness, till the light
 Burst in.
In his drive to lift the ban
On "free homes," I note again,
How you backed that little man—
 Dennis Flynn!

So, at length, to this good hour,
You have grown in grace and power,
Till like clouds, surcharged, you tower
 Over all.
Mighty press: possessing then
A Midas touch, beyond our ken,
You can lead the minds of men
 At your call.

O, El Reno, you'll be proud
To commune with such a crowd!
Shout your welcomings aloud
 Here today.
What they do, it matters not.
We'll surrender on the spot.
Give 'em everything we've got—
 While they stay!

You are welcome to our town.
Go ahead and tear it down.
We'll not ask you, with a frown,
Where you're from.

* * * * *

But I pause to leave a tear
For a comrade who's not here:
Tribute to Watonga's seer,
Dear old Tom!*

* Former Governor Thompson B. Ferguson, editor
of the Watonga Republican.

The El Reno Democrat.

T. J. Hadley.

LAND OF THE NEVER CAN BE.

There's a vale we have wished for and longed for,
There's a land that we never can find;
Where the meadows are green, and where life is
serene

And the skies and the breezes are kind;
It lies in the Kingdom of Dreamland,
And goodly beholden to me
Is the wonderful Valley of Sometime
In the Land of the Never-Can-Be.

The things we have longed for and prayed for,
And the deeds that we promised to do,
And the trusts unredeemed, and the dreams that we
dreamed—

O, the dreams that can never come true;
And the loves that were born in our fancy
And the Big Things we promised to be,
Are there in the Valley of Sometime,
In the Land of the Never-Can-Be.

Perhaps it is well that we never
Attain to the goal of our dreams,
But hope through the night and grope to the light
To the skies where the morning light gleams.
Perhaps when our yearnings is ended,
And our soul reaches out to be free,
We will dwell in the Valley of Sometime,
In the Land of the Never-Can-Be.

Aberdeen Daily World.

Orin Vinge.

BOSTON.

A labyrinth of intersecting streets
In which gray buildings specter-like arise.
Anear the Common where the work-girl greets
The noonday with glad laughter in her eyes.

Proud monuments of iron, stone, and brass
Upreared to view the years of honored age.
And sunlit spires, and from out the past
The voice of priest and patriot and sage.

Molded by time and clime and sea-girt land,
Virtue and vice in metropole array—
The crowned woman, scales set in her hand,
The painted jade whose jewels dim the day.

Within the streets the busy marchers tread;
The shop-girl with a longing in her soul—
The pencil-seller cries his wares for bread—
The youth with eager eyes upon the goal.

All these are yours, the busy mart of trade,
The bright-lit mansion and the broken pane,
The barefoot, laughing children that God made
To cheer the slums like soothing summer rain.

God gave you much, wise counsel and of grace,
Breeding, at which the scoffers idly prate;
They call you cold—they see your seeming face
And not the heart which is the open gate.

A city set upon three golden hills,
Alloyed with brass and metals' lesser mold,
And yet withal a pulsing heart that thrills
The love that loving never groweth old.

A labyrinth of intermingling ways,
Set eastward, looking out upon the sea;
God gave you much of wealth in length of days.
God give you Youth and laughing eyes to see!
The Living Church. *Edward Yerxa.*

BROADWAY MOON.

The moon was misty last night—
It hung in the sombre sky
Like a wistful, wondering eye
Or a sad wraith that slips from sight.

But the lights on the Joyous Way
Shone brighter than moon or star,
High up where the Mint Men are
And the Kitten and Spool at play!

And so, if you wept, old Moon,
If grief was your mantle gray,
Why, what is the moon to Broadway?
(A rhyme for a jazz-time tune—
June, croon, spoon, soon!)—
And what is Broadway—to the Moon?

New York Sun.

Luella Stewart

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS OF A GEORGIA CRACKER.

There may be in some fur corner
Of this rollickin' old earth
A land more filled with sunshine—
With laughter, love and mirth;
A land of milk and honey
Where life's one long sweet dream,
Where pore-folks roll in money
And eat pound-cake with cream—
Mebbe so—I dunno;
Couldn't say—not today,
But—I doubt it!

They may in that fur corner,
By some hook or crook of art,
Grow a watermelon larger
With a richer, redder heart;
Their peaches may be sweeter
Than any we have known,
Their yams may be more luscious
Than any we have grown—
Mebbe so—I dunno;
Won't deny it till I try it,
But I doubt it!

Pecans may be more plentiful,
Their corn make better meal;
Their folks may all be honest
And never cheat or steal;
With cantaloupe like pun'kins
A-layin' in the sun,
Jes' nacherlly their pun'kins
Would weigh a half a ton;
Mebbe so—I dunno;
Couldn't swear—ain't been there,
But—I doubt it!

It may be in that corner
That the women have more grace—
More elegance of figure
And winsomeness of face—
They may be better mothers,
And make a better wife—
May stand upright more firmly
Against all worldly strife;
'Mebbe so—I dunno;
If I knew I'd tell you,
But—I doubt it!

It may be that the maidens
In this fur-off land of charm
All have hearts that love more truly
And a handclasp far more warm;
And their kisses may be sweeter
Than these Georgia maidens give,
Making life a bit more racy
Where these lovely maidens live.
Mebbe so—I dunno;
Won't deride 'em—I ain't tried 'em,
But—I doubt it!

Maybe some place or other
Where the cotton's finer—whiter,
Where boll-weevils grow still thicker—
The blasted, bloody blighter!
There may be some other varmint
More rapacious and more evil—
And there may be other insects
More destructive than the weevil—
Mebbe so—I dunno;
Jes' cain't tell. But—hell!
I doubt it!

Atlanta Journal.

John Wingfield Gatewood.

MOTHER MANHATTAN.

They say that you are cruel—those who glance
Carelessly on your haughty roofs and towers;
They claim that you are cold and pitiless,
That you devour the driven ones who fly
To you for sanctuary—that you draw
Blind youth to you, then Circe-like, destroy.
But we, who know your every passing mood,
We, who have sought you out of all the earth,
Sensing your large awareness, we have found
Within your moving throngs a shadowed peace—
That your deep maze holds many a holy shrine.
We know that you are swiftly answering,
We know that you are beautiful and kind.

* * * * *

Many are phantom-led and slip, dust-blind,
Hourly from out your marts, the goal unwon;
Yet each has found you not unbeautiful.
In all the world what towers are like to yours,
So calm, uneager, self-sufficing, still?
They say that you are cruel—those who look
Unseeing on your unmoved, wind-swept spires;
These have not heard your large, wide silences;
They have not guessed your wise indifference;
Nor have they shared your silent sorrowing
Beneath your lilting laughter, for your tears
You hid from them beneath a mask of smiles.
But we, who know you, Mother, find you great,
And we, who know you, Mother, know you kind.

New York Times. *Mary Siegrist.*

SPRINGTIME IN KENTUCKY.

It is springtime now in old Kentucky,
The meadows are a mass of green,
And along the hedgerows and the fences
Blue-eyed violets may be seen.
The warm sunshine and the gentle showers
Awakes the world from wintry sleep
And e'en the tenderest, timid flowers
Above the ground begin to peep.

It is springtime now in old Kentucky,
The sap of life begins to flow
And among the trees the bees are humming,
Seeking the buds that soon will blow.
Birds are returning from the Southern States,
We daily see them on the wing,
The time has come when they seek for their mates
And build their nests and sweetly sing.

It is springtime now in old Kentucky,
The fires of love are burning bright,
And like the birds, young gents and maidens
Their early loves begin to plight.
And amid the sunshine and the showers
Eternal youth seems springing up,
And love and joy abounds everywhere
And drives the bitter from our cup.
Adair County News. *Robert L. Campbell.*

LITTLE HOMES OF MARYLAND.

Little homes of Maryland—how low, how sweet they
lie
Upon the bosoms of the vales beneath Thanksgiving's
sky;
The old homes where they're gathered in fellowship
today,
To sing a bit and laugh a bit and dream a bit and pray;
The little homes of Maryland on hills and slopes, and
where
The blue bay sweeps the golden shore and hearts on
venture fare!

The lad is home from college, the boy that clerks has
 come,
The little girl is with them all, and lips with joy are
 dumb;
Bright-eyed children babble, and old folk, where are
 they
But in the land of dreaming love on this Thanksgiving
 Day;
 The little homes of Maryland, with old trees bend-
 ing o'er,
 And lilac bushes at the gate and sunflowers at the
 door!

The little homes of Maryland—how still, how sweet
 they seem,
Tucked in the bend around the road that leads to lands
 of dream;
The old homes where the fathers have seen their last
 work done
And left the rest to pass along unto the waiting son;
 The little homes of Maryland, with all come home
 today,
 In shadows or in substance dear to sing a bit and
 pray!

The Baltimore Sun.

Folger McKinsey.

IN THE YAKIMA COUNTRY.

There's the sweep of the land in the valley,
 And the roll of the hills to the sky;
There's the depth of the shade in the gorges,
 With vaporous clouds floating by.
There's the river, ice-bordered in winter,
 That rushes and gurgles with mirth.
There are infinite spaces of heaven,
 Deep colored with guarding the earth.
There's the white of the foothills in winter,
 And the green of the foothills in spring,
And the brown of the summer and autumn
 When the great sun has dried everything.
But the orchards that stretch in the valley
 With blossoms in spring—fruit in fall,
Are the life of the Yakima country,
 Most wonderful part of it all.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Helen Emma Maring.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Stratford-on-Avon, thy charm two-fold
Can the vision delight, and the fancy hold;
Thy sloping hill, with its cooling shade
By the ancient Forest of Arden made,
Shields the song-haunted Avon as it flows
Past the storied "bank where the wild thyme blows."

Faithful custodian keeper thou art
Of treasures deep buried within thy heart.
Thou wilt proudly our Shakespeare's birthplace keep
Forever secure in thy bosom deep;
It nestles content in thy calm embrace,
An humble, yet hallowed and sacred place.

The school where the master learned to read,
Nor the wind, nor the weather, nor Time will heed;
And the cottage where once his bride he wooed,
And the ground where his modest dwelling stood
And the homes of his children and all his line,
Know thy care, gentle Stratford, for all are thine.

Stratford-on-Avon, we love thy name,
Not for beauty alone, nor for worldly fame;
Not for forests and meads, nor for vault of blue—
Those tender charms that sweet Shakespeare knew—
'Tis for one spot immortal thy name we prize,
That shrine where the singer in silence lies.
Raleigh News and Observer. Ellen H. M. Brooks.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

In the lonely twilight hour,
Looking forth from his old tower,
When the sunset glow has faded in the west,
Then he sees the distant things
Steeped in purple of the kings,
While the breezes come to chill at night's behest.
Then the color from the air
Sinks to—God but knows just where,
And the interval of deepened twilight grows;
But the gleaming streaks of light
From his tower of the night
Send their word to every ship that comes or goes.
Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Helen Emma Maring.

SPRING IN THE BRONX.

Now to the neighboring lots and fields in quest
Of dandelions for her thrifty board
The swart *signora* hies; her practiced eye
Anticipates the skillful blade; alert,
From place to place the tender spoil she crops,
Bent o'er the verdant lea. The passerby
Admires the pastoral beauty of her pose.
Full soon her apron with the greens is filled,
And home with swinging hips and cumbrous brogues
Elate she trudges—Verdi on her lips.

Soused in the crystal flood, and soured again,
And still once more, of grit and slug to cleanse,
Her culinary art the matron plies,
Learned in Calabria; the condiments,
Pepper and salt and vinegar, combine
To animate the mess, and scallions shrewd,
With copious olive-oil nutritious drenched,
The royal dressing; and, to vitalize
And quicken with the very breath of life,
The aromatic garlic's tingling zest!

Meanwhile Antonio from his muddy trench,
Lord of her heart and father of their brood,
Noblest of all the men in all the world
To Angelina, proud Antonio comes.
With shouts of joy the children greet their sire
Who, beaming, hugs his spouse, and to his breast
The sweet *bambino* fondles. At the sink
His rude ablutions done, they sit them down.

O wondrous love! the shack where you abide
Becomes a palace, and the laborer's fare
A banquet. From Antonio's ardent lips
The honeyed compliments effusive flow,
No sweeter had he borrowed Tasso's harp,
Or filched from Petrarch's lute its sweetest string—
And Angelina's rosy flush of pride
Attests her triumph and her wifely bliss.
Spring in The Bronx for some is Paradise.

New York Sun.

John Ludlow.

HOMELAND.

I traveled long in balmy climes
That know not wintry snows,
By gleaming sand in sun-kissed land
Where Bougainvilleia grows;
Where orange groves with golden globes
Reflect the flashing sun,
And Great Sierras mount and soar,
And roaring rivers run;
But now I long for homeland, and
A day in dewy May—
The sweet fresh green of new-born spring
And wild flowers on the way;
The shady wood where trilliums
And nodding violets grow
With ferns in dark moist soil,
Mellowed by winter snow;
Narcissus and anemone
And trailing trumpet vines,
The laurel and geranium
With finely painted lines;
Pond lilies floating on the streams
That water fields, aflower—
With buttercups and daisies white
Fresh from a springtime shower;
The farmhouse in its woody nook,
With red barns here and there;
The fruit trees massed with fragrant blooms.
The bushes, flowering fair;
The widespread oak and maple, too,
The birch with shining bark,
The dogwood and our loved nut trees
That grow in forest dark.
My homeland, how I long for thee
And thy refreshing rains,
That make the sleeping plains produce
Thy fields of growing grains!
Thy sky, whose blue is tempered by
The great white clouds of rain,
That shower the thirsty, thankful earth
To make it flower again.

Cleveland News.

Marie Tello Phillips.

WHEN WE SMILE WITH A HEART FULL OF TEARS.

There's a smile on our lips, but an ache in our hearts—
Yet we still "carry on"!

There's a longing for dear ones that boundless space
parts—

But we know they are gone.

And though we would weep with laughter we're gay—
For we won't let our sadness darken the day—
So bravely we chase the gray shadows away
And smile with a heart full of tears!

There's a rift in the clouds though ever so small,
And nothing's so hard that it matters at all—
So we linger and laugh while life's shadows fall—
And smile with our hearts full of tears!

O, many a time the days seem so long—
The birds fly away and silence their song—
While sunbeams but flicker and everything's wrong—
Yet we smile with a heart full of tears!

There's a time comes to all when we sink by the way
And watch for the dawning that seems gone astray—
Yet if we but wait there will come a new day—
So we smile through a heart full of tears!

Swiftly, eagerly, years roll by—
Always we watch for the blue in the sky—
Sometimes we smile when we'd much rather cry—
Smile with a heart full of tears!

Pasadena Star-News.

Mary Wilson Hopkins.

THE TRYST.

Softly the twilight falls
And the golden light of day
Melts into purple shadows,
And the purple into gray.

Clear, from the tall pine tree,
Where the wild bird builds its nest,
Comes the mother's sleepy song,
As she croons her babes to rest.

The wind breathes thru the boughs,
The moon o'er the hill comes, new—
The wind breathes the song of my heart,
The moon lights my way to you.

The way is silvered fair
With the light of stars and moon—
Past shadows, past spectral bars,
Oh, I'm coming, coming soon!

Breezes sing to the blossoms,
And, oh, love, my heart sings, too;
Thru purple shades of even,
By the stars, I come to you!

Memphis Commercial Appeal. *Frances M. Lipp.*

CHRISTMAS EVE ON BEACON HILL.

The air is clear; the night is still,
'Tis Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill.
In ev'ry window row on row,
The tall white taper-candles glow.

Quaint door-ways hung with holly bright
Send forth a stream of friendly light,
And singing groups of maidens gay,
Like Angels, slowly wend their way.

Their voices sound across the snow,
And echo in the streets below—
The winding streets which lie so still
Beneath the spell of Beacon Hill.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and every heart
Is warm and eager, taking part
In making bright the family tree,
A bit of fairy fantasy.

Here is a convent, where a nun
Moves to and fro, her duties done,
Then pauses at the window-pane
To tell her rosary again.

But turn the corner! Loud and clear
There sounds a tune to greet the ear.
Beneath the sign of shoe and boot
A cobbler plays upon his flute.

His little door is open wide
That friend or foe may step inside
To warm his hands, or better still,
To catch the spirit of good will.

Within each squalid house we see
A group of children round a tree,
And table set with "goodies" high,
Red apples and a turkey-pie.

There are no rich or poor tonight—
The heart of Boston-town is light;
For young and old have felt the thrill
Of Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill!

Boston Transcript.

Marjorie Somers Scheuer.

KEEPING YOUNG.

You doubtless after while will be some wrinkled,
As fleeting seasons pass and leave their trace;
Your hair will doubtless be with silver sprinkled,
And maybe lines of care upon your face;
But if your heart is then still young and tender,
With courage strong to meet whate'er befalls,
You need not yet your usefulness surrender,
Nor hesitate when strenuous duty calls.

The years of youth are always to be treasured,
But test of time an added strength reveals;
So far as being useful can be measured,
A man is just as aged as he feels;
The beauty of young womanhood is charming—
The kind that is not found in fashion-books;
But years need not to matrons be alarming—
A woman is no older than she looks.

Kansas City Journal.

LeRoy Huron Kelsey.

THE ATTIC OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Oh, the wonders of that attic,
How I loved to climb its stair
Made of steps just like a ladder
And a trap door waiting there!

Through fan-shapen windows, streaming,
Came the golden shafts of sun,
Through the fairy curtains gleaming,
That the tireless spiders spun.

There, a distaff, wheel and treadle,
Lay beneath the sloping roof,
None there were who knew its uses—
Gone, the maker of the woof.

There, too, hung a war-time weapon—
Grandpa's bayonet, so grim.
He had whipped the Rebel army—
General Grant a-helping him.

Oh, the treasures of that attic
Hanging from its rafters bare—
Coats of velvet, silken dresses,
Beaded bags, and wreaths of hair.

Hats and bonnets, shoes and slippers,
Used for masquerades a lot,
Plant jars and unhandled dippers
Underneath each leaky spot.

Shawls and scarfs and knitted mittens,
Colors of the Orient;
Dolls and doylies, sawdust kittens,
Oh, the money that was spent!

Strings of buttons, by the thousands,
Still no making of a pair;
Margaret sought them from the neighbors
When she wore beribboned hair.

Dainty bits of china, broken,
And a precious statue cracked,
All within their tissue wrappings,
Tied by loving hands—intact.

Winter apples, there for keeping,
Spread about upon the floor,
Big pound-sweets and golden russets,
But I never left a core.

Piles of butternuts there drying
Till their satin coats of green
Turned a sombre brown, all shrunken,
And the jagged shells were seen.

Whalebone ribs from old umbrellas,
And I smoked that acrid stuff,
Till my stomach in rebellion
Warned me—not another puff.

Hoopskirts, with and without bustles,
Linen dusters, carpet rags,
Quilting frames and curtain stretchers,
Magazines and traveling bags.

Paper sacks of downy feathers
Waiting there to fill a tick,
Foot-stools and some other comforts
Only used when folks were sick.

And within a trunk so aged
That its sides had turned to gray,
Were the tear-stained precious treasures
Of the ones who'd passed away—

Stockings made for brother Tommy,
Dresses that dear Nannie wore,
Dainty bits of brodered muslin—
Grandma's needle-work of yore.

Ah! Each mortal has an attic
Where he stores the broken past—
Shattered hopes, and hours of gladness,
Loves that cling until the last.

Childhood plays within its shadow,
Manhood lingers in its gloom,
But Old Age lives midst the splendors,
There, in Memory's Attic Room.

Buffalo Enquirer.

Edward J. Deneen.

A SONG IN EXILE.

The rustling palms bend readily
Between the sun and me;
The trades blow warm and steadily
Across the turquoise sea;
But I'd rather feel the March wind bite
In the country of the free.

Hibiscus and camelia
Bloom here abundantly,
And roses and gardenias—
The sweetest flowers there be—
But I'd rather see through the bare north woods
One bridal dogwood tree.

The tropic night is mellow
As a lamp in a lighted room;
The sun shines high and yellow
In the quivering, cloudless dome;
But, oh, for the snow and the cruel cold
And the rigors of my home!

Boston Transcript.

Alice Duer Miller.

FULFILLMENT.

Came autumn, clad in russet cloak, astealing o'er the
hill;
The woodbines blazed beneath her gaze, the cricket's
song grew still;
And scarlet sparks lit orange fires in every bush and
tree,
As through the tender, leaf-brown dusk, Dear Heart,
you came to me.

Came winter, veiled in silvery frost, with holly berries
bright;
The pastures dreamed 'neath falt'ring flakes, while still
stars shone at night.
And to my leaping ingle-fire, while bloomed the sunset
rose,
The white road's turn brought you, Dear Heart, across
the drifted snows.

Spring came! Where snow had lain, Anemone's pale
star;
A robin called a twitt'ring note, the uplands greener
are;
And mid the show'ring apple-blooms, 'neath misty May
moonlight,
Fulfillment now has come. Dear Heart, it is our bridal
night!

Boston Transcript.

Agnes Choate Wonson.

GIFTS.

Blue skies, cut flowers and sparrows on the wing,
And love long standing in the market place
In ragged raiment and with sad sweet face
And pleading palms.
Scores hurry by
With downcast eye,
(Who seeks 'mid want to find a king?)
A few give alms.

One drops a silver coin within love's hand,
And one, a costly, carven ring and old;
One gives a rose with petals like pale gold,
And one, I wis,
Whose wealth is small
Gives love her all
(And who but love may understand?)
Tears and a kiss.

Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

John R. Moreland.

RED IRELAND.

O! There's no peace in Ireland,
Go where you may—and well;
A' conflict wakes in every vale
And kindles on each hill.
The ghosts of men that men have slain
Are stalking all abroad,
And from turf the murder strain
Cries cruelly to God!

O, there's no peace in Ireland,
Go through from shore to shore,
Is scarce a spot but that the torch
And sword have fared before!
Ah, heavy rests a crown of thorns
On Erin's bleeding brow;
And banshees are the only birds
That sing in Ireland now!

God's mercy on poor Ireland!
Her anguished eyes are dim,
And life is flowing fast away
From wounds in every limb;
Lo! the oppressor and oppressed
On every hand contend,
And upon innocence and guilt
Alike the blows descend!

My heart is sore for Ireland,
And those within who dwell;
What shadow rests upon its soil?
What black accursed spell?
For to the sympathetic eyes,
That watch it from the West
It seems that Mary's Holy Son
Alone can bring it rest!

Springfield Sunday Republican. Arthur Goodenough.

MOUNT VERNON.

Our wandering footsteps reverent turned toward
Mount Vernon old,
When Autumn decked its ancient woods with tints of
red and gold.

It stands in simple elegance, of stately form and line,
A relic of an honored past, this home a nation's shrine.

The blue Potomac sweeps below in calm majestic tide,
The hills of Maryland cloud-like rise upon the farther
side.

Fair Nature has her best bestowed, as far as eye can
reach,
She spreads abroad with lavish hand a beauty passing
speech.

Still a sadness lingers 'round this mansion old in story,
A sadness that must sweetly blend with all its tale of
glory.

No welcome waits for those who pass within that
hallowed door,
The rooms are all in order, but the master is no more.

In the garden bloom the roses just as in the bygone
days,
When the stately mistress wandered down its quaint
box-bordered ways.

But the halls no longer echo the rustle of brocade,
The spinet stands deserted that her fingers deftly
played.

'Neath the ivy they are sleeping in their tomb below
the hill,
Whilst the nation keeps their memories ever green and
fragrant still.

For far in future ages in the centuries that shall run,
No name shall shine surpassing thine, immortal Wash-
ington!

Baltimore Sun.

Maria Briscoe Croker.

PATHS OF NEW ENGLAND

Oh, there's nothing like New England, with its country
roads and lanes,
For a comfort in your losses, and a "Bravo!" in your
gains;
There are quiet paths aplenty, thro' some woodsy bit
or plain,
Where your heart is high a-singing and your tears are
dry again.

I have wandered in the Southland, in Toronto have I
strolled ;
But I longed for old New England, as I long for
wealth of gold.
I have trod mid-Western byways—seems they lacked
in Sun and Air ;
And the villages were ugly—while New England
towns are fair.

In my traversing the country I have found it hard and
bleak,
Wearing less of Nature's beauties than New England's
barest peak.
There seemed nowhere quite so open, and no air that
smelled as sweet ;
And the ground seemed cold and heartless to the
pressure of my feet.

Be it inland, midst the mountains, by the lakes and
ponds and streams :
Be it bordered by the Ocean—(which is nearer to my
dreams)—
Whether forest, hill or sand-dune, when I'm called to
final rest,
I shall pray it be New England holds me close against
her breast.

Boston Transcript.

John D. Seymour.

CARUSO.

When great Caruso's matchless Song,
Thrills me with melody,
My every care sits light as air
In such gay company.
Then youthful fancies half-forgot
Come back on radiant wings ;
And life puts on new loveliness,
When he in rapture sings.

And when in high heroic mood,
His voice a clarion-call,
I see a shattered army stand
Its back against the wall;
There each man, facing certain death,
A grim defiance flings;
Oh, I could lead a hopeless charge
When hero-like he sings

But when in clear seraphic tones
He lifts his soul in song,
I see men pledged in bonds of peace,
As strong as love is strong.
He stirs my heart to high resolve,
Yet tenderness he brings;
And every man my brother is,
When he divinely sings.

Boston Evening Transcript.

Hinton White.

CARUSO.

Although I'll never hear again
Caruso's earthly voice,
My inner being will retain
The song that was my choice.

For when I heard him for the last,
In Rigoletto's role,
One song, so sweet and flute-like,
Impressed my very soul.

And late that night when I retired,
A needed rest to take,
Caruso's "Donna Mobile"
For hours kept me awake.

If all the world were blest as I,
Caruso they would hear,
In melodies from unseen worlds,
The human heart to cheer.

For common clay on this old earth
Imprisons for a time
The voice that floats through ether
From the spirit clime.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Anna Graves Henry.

ROOSEVELT.
(Died Jan. 6, 1919.)

He was a very valiant Knight; yet wore
No shining armor, no accoutrements
Or rich caparisons of chivalry.
Truth was his breastplate, courage was his lance,
His shield an infinite humanity.
His was the faith that knew no obstacle;
The strength that shunned the pleasant paths of ease,
Choosing the roughened roads of toil; and his
The courage that withstood adversity,
And made defeat a winged Victory.
Sorrow was his, yet none might dream that when
A grave was made upon a foreign field
He knew a mortal hurt. His dauntless soul
Shone with a radiancy that conquered pain,
And mocked at suffering. In truth he was
A valiant Knight, a very valiant Knight.
And like a warrior he laid him down
To seek repose against the morrow's toil.
'Twas thus Death found him, sleeping. Straight arose
A cry of sorrow wide as the world is wide.
But bugles sounded on the other side!

New York Times.

Vilda Sauvage Owens.

FATHER BUTLER'S GRAVE.

No stone, no granite shaft is there
Where Father Butler lies;
No epitaph or chiseled prayer
Attracts the mourners' eyes.

Only a scar on plot of green,
On breast of friendly earth,
Tells of the resting place serene
Of the priest of sterling worth.

All round are headstones, white and gray
For those he loved and blessed,
Begging of all who pass that way
A prayer for peace and rest.

But Father Butler's grave is bare,
For him no shaft of stone,
Nothing to show a priest lies there,
A grave—a grave alone.

The Lewiston Evening Journal.

Father Cassidy.

TO MATILDA, COUNTESS OF TUSCANY.

A. D. 1076-1115.

Sister-in-arms to Jeanne of Domremy,
Matilda, Countess of green Tuscany,

When German Henry, gathering his knights,
Raging on Rome, stormed down the Alpine heights,

Who stood against him half so manfully
As thou, to keep the City of God still free?

The little folk who fill the centuries,
Buzzing like hives of self-important bees,

Flowing like grains of sand thru Chronos' glass,
Along the streets of their new cities pass

And have forgotten thee and many a saint
And many a hero: but far off and faint,

Etched in th' eternal memory of God,
Remains the tale of the tall King who trod

With naked feet Canossa's icy pave,
Garbed humbly in rough sackcloth, there to crave

Forgiving mercy from the weary hand
Of that white flame from Heaven, Hildebrand,

Called Gregory the Seventh. What Crusade
Can match, Matilda, the war that you made

To force an Emperor to kiss the glove
Of him whom you could save, but might not love?

Chicago Evening Post.

George Vaux Bacon.

DANTE TO BE BEATRICE.

If I may ever my redemption find
It will be but through you. My powers of soul
But in the love of you their wealth unroll,
And all the soaring vision of my mind
Appears to your perfections but inclined
As compass needle is unto the pole,
Turning to them as to its destined goal
For which it was eternally designed.

Through you I have but utterance of truth
And know the wonder of diviner things.
Through you my being issues forth on wings
That have the buoyancy of immortal youth,
And I can understand the mystery
Of the creative spirit's ecstasy

Milwaukee Sunday Sentinel.

Peter Fandel.

A NEW LIFE.

Translated by Frank Clark from the Spanish of
"Vida Nueva," by Miguel Arce.

Sealed now are my lips to words of common complaining;
Closed now are my eyes to the vision of trivial things.
Life comes to me now—each hour a new message containing,
That sounds in my heart with a promise of solemn and absolute things.

One by one from the casket the radiant jewels are banished;
Each day have I lost some priceless gem that was mine—
There are now only shadows remaining in place of the fires that are banished—
The soothing shadows that gather o'er the peace of life's tranquil decline.

Neither arrogant pride nor vain and frenzied ambition;
Neither storm-bred desires nor virtues artfully feigned;
Neither passions unproved nor the fervor of love-dreams Elysian—
All that was yesterday—vanished—not even youth has remained!

Youth's radiant gems have gone from me forever and ever—
But Nature is kind. On her bosom I rest through the beautiful hours—
To the trembling rose-leaves responsive, my pulses a-quiver—
My soul soothed to sleep by the breath of the flowers.

And so I have builded a creed pantheistic—
The things that are Nature's—the wisdom of "me,"
I have gathered together in hope altruistic,
To be everywhere that beauty may be.

Atropos shall kiss me—in a deep dream I've waited
The sweet kiss of peace upon lips that are dumb—
I believe in the Mystery seers have related—
Yet the Mystery comes not—and never may come!
La Prensa. *Miguel Arce.*

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

Over where the bog is greening
And the willow waves her bloom,
There in bridal black quite proper
Does he love to preen and plume;
Breath of new green things is drifting,
O'er the sedges with the breeze,
Mingled with his love-song ringing,
Voicing liquid notes like these:
Conk-err-lee-e! Conk-err-lee-e!
Sweetheart see, sweetheart see!
The world was made
For you and me!

Dignified beside the water
Walks he as a landed squire;
Spreads his wings and ruffs his feathers,
Smooths his shoulder caps of fire;
Then the blue sky bending over,
Or the hint of green on hill,
Fills his lover-heart with rapture
And again we hear him thrill:
Conk-err-lee-e! Conk-err-lee-e!
Sweetheart see, sweetheart see!
The world was made
For you and me!

Lake City Graphic-Republican. Maude Gue Goodrich.

LAST NIGHT.

Cement walks gleaming
With new rain—
Yellow leaves wet
Sticking to the walks—
Broken clouds in the sky
Driven by a northwest wind—
Air piercing cold and
Threatening winter—
Ragged trees still partially clad
In tattered leaves of red and yellow
And brown and green—
New views of houses and hills
And distant places
Through bare boughs from which the leaves
Had fallen—
That was last night when I
Went home from work.

Wausau Record-Herald.

Barr Moses.

IN THE GLOW FROM THE EVENING LAMP.

When the long day is over and baby's gone to sleep,
The twinkly little stars come out and solemnly they
 peep
Right out of heaven's own blue sky where all seems
 still and dark
And we shudder when we hear the sound of a lone
 coyote's bark.
Then we gather 'round the fireside, away from cold
 and damp
And feel so very happy in the glow from the evening
 lamp!

There mother reads a paper, and father likes to look
As though he's really reading the very latest book—
But we know that he is napping and we speak with
 voices low
While sister does some mending, for she always loved
 to sew!
And everybody's happy, so safe from cold and damp
Around the nice warm hearthstone, in the glow from
 the evening lamp.

It seems as though life's sweeter and troubles slip
 away
That seemed so very troublesome in the busy, noisy
 day
If we start a log to burning—just to drive away the
 damp
When the family's all together in the glow from the
 evening lamp!

Pasadena Star-News.

Mary Wilson Hopkins.

LEAVES.

I want to go where the leaves are burning,
 Burning in scarlet and gold;
The wind is up and my heart is turning
 Again to the forest old.

I want to go where the leaves keep dropping,
 Dropping in crimson and brown;
From dawn till dusk, not a moment stopping,
 They are drifting, drifting down.

I want to go where the leaves are blowing,
Blowing in russet and red;
The brook like a voice, through the silence flowing,
Still whispers of summer dead.

Yet, why go back where the leaves are falling,
Falling again on the hill?
Tho woods await and the winds are calling
Thy voice is forever still.

Syracuse Post-Standard.

Lillie Belle Dimond.

THE PLAINS OF SILENCE.

Up from the wild, swift sea of tears
You come on the Silent Plains,
Where white fogs muffle the passing years,
And gray-faced joys and dream-dulled fears
Drift by through the silent rains.

Down from the hills of bitter strife
You come on the Silent Plains,
Where silence is dull-drugged wine of life,
And the throbbing wounds from the traitor's knife
Are dimmed to but half-felt pains.

Out of the clutching mire of shame
You come on the Silent Plains,
Where the white fog stifles the wind of blame,
And disgrace has never a sign or name
To color its fading stains.

And here are the loves that were never told,
With dreams in a wistful band,
And longings colored with blood and gold,
But all of them fly from the heart's loosed hold
Like birds from the opened hand.

And the breath of the plains is a still content
Where the drifting shadows go,
And restless dreams with the fog are blent,
And silence into the heart is sent
Like an arrow from a bow.

I come to you, land where the dreamers dream
With silence in their veins,
O Silent Plains, where all things seem
But the drifting shade of a half-dreamed dream—
I come to you, wonderful plains!

New York Times.

Mary Carmack McDougal.

VELDT-SONG.

The mimosa trees are blooming, and the tall and
furzy grasses,
Are wrapped in veils of romance as the dawn creeps
down again.
And the poppies, deep and blushing, give with all
their light caresses,
A narcotic for all sorrow and forgetfulness of pain;
And though it is the sad land, the mad land of the
veldt,
With its music as of weeping, like an old lost
melody,
There's a mystery in its heart-throbs the like I've never
felt,
That fills me full of dear expectancy.

There's a species of the laurel, tall and bushy, ever-
growing,
That the blue-eyed, sunny morning kisses into
golden green,
As my rickshaw jingles onward, 'cross the silent veldt
a-going,
While the love-songs of my Kaffir, from Helena,
intervene;
Vine-leaved grenadillos nod their heads in friendly
greeting,
And a hedge of prickly-pear drowns the sound of
waterfall,
And hidden on the mountain-krantz where sorrows
all are fleeting,
A little home awaits me, and my dear one's clear,
sweet call.

White Plains Daily Reporter.

Floyd Meredith.

TO A RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

Aristocrat of birds (thy summer spent
Near Arctic snows, thy winter passed beside
The tropic seas—thou and thy dainty bride),
How thou must scorn the zone where we are pent.
Fearless darter through the blue firmament,
I bid thee hail, and here denounce the pride
That in man's heart, like Caliban, doth hide,
Whilst thou upon thy Ariel quests art bent.
Alas! for all the cravings of the soul,
We only in imagination soar,
Only in dreams we taste ambrosial sweets;
But thou, O bird, commander of thy goal,
Dost quaff thy wine within the bright retreats
Of joy, and fold thy wings at Beauty's door.
Chicago Daily Tribune. *Laura Blackburn.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE TREE.

When this old world was young, then grew a tree,
Beneath it flowers bloomed in dust and sand,
The birds aswing upon its limbs sang free,
And dreary earth became enchanted land.
Then suddenly before the steps of man .
Appeared its limbs flung out against the blue;
He with its leafy boughs a home began—
From this first home the earth to Eden grew.

The silent tree that listens by the road;
If it had lyric lips what songs 'twould sing,
Of good and bad bound in the human load;
Wrecked homes—false friends—the sore from
gossip's sting,
The cruel word that leaves a lasting smart,
The broken vow that scalds the cheek with tears,
The happy laugh that springs from happy heart—
The silent tree keeps secret thru the years!

The forest stands like tall cathedral spires;
One feels a something sacred and sublime;
A something great that charms and never tires,
Which reaches far—back to the dawn of time,
And points beyond to ages yet to be.
The heavy laden kneeling on the sod,
Inspired and urged on by the mighty tree,
Breathes there a prayer and feels the peace of God.

Within the love-locked branches of the wood,
Deep rooted in warm earth; limbs pointing high—
Christ's message sings to man of brotherhood;
It falls gently like music from the sky.
Oh, men of Colorado save the tree!
And build in our own state its glory strong,
Here let it sing the message sweet and free,
'Tis sweeter far than any poet's song.
Denver Times. *Alice Polk Hill.*

THE KNIFE-THROWER.

The crowd is here, night after night,
Beyond the hard white glare of light,
Expectant faces, row on row,
To watch me while I poise and throw
The gleaming knives that cut the air
And, hissing, strike the rough boards, where
She stands with outstretched arms. The crowd
Sits rustling, murmuring aloud;
They watch the wicked knives that hiss
Like hooded cobras—if I miss!
The long knives leap out, serpentwise,
Thin evil darts. Her laughing eyes
Are unafraid. I hem her in
With whizzing blades. A sudden din
Of swift applause goes sweeping by!
And every night I wonder why
My hand held steady. Will it be
The next night, with them watching me—
The next night, when my sure hand slips
And laughter leaves her painted lips?
A knife that, like a thrown thin flame,
Licks out and sears, may end the game!

The lean knives pin her to the boards,
And satisfy the eager hordes
That watch their vicious whizzing flight.
I wonder—will it be tonight?

The New York Times.

Violet McDougal.

ANSWER.

Know not thy Omar? Tulip, blowing rose,
Reviving herb, methinks—I may be wrong—
Were quite the joyous burden of his song.
And I praised Omar. Poet, use thy nose!
Why then the question? God only knows
The mental process of the peevish throng:
The proffered solace spurned, content so long
As privileged to nurse its cherished woes.

Linnet and turtle-dove and asphodel,
Come sound your A, the Springtime chorus swell—
The lilies may or may not know the art—
The cynic, Poet, cannot find the heart
To chide the Nature lover who invokes
The seal of silence when the bullfrog croaks.

Chicago Daily Tribune.

Percy Flager.

SPRING PEERED IN.

Spring peered in at my window
With a flaunt of delicate air,
And the hangings all looked dull and cold
And my face in the mirror was suddenly old
And age seemed everywhere.

But I fled to the opened casement
And leaned till I saw the sky,
Where, over the roofs and chimney-grime,
A flight of birds like a measured rhyme
Beat, swayingly northward, by.

And someone came behind me
And said not even a word,
But thrust wet jonquils into my hands—
So old love lives and understands,
Nor lets Spring call unheard.

New York Times.

Edna Mead.

LIFE.

Life's early morning, welcome bring,
To usher in the new born spring,
With myraid song birds carolling;
And flowers everywhere.

Then summer comes with heat and glow
And roses everywhere ablow;
Life's forces in abundance flow
And all is glad and gay.

The hectic flush of autumn shine
On trees and bush like juice of vine;
The joy and peace of vintage time
Is o'er the scene.

And then at last, comes on apace,
Cold winter with its snowy grace
To match the weary pilgrim's face
And lo, the journey's o'er.

Buffalo Commercial.

Lina S. Luxford.

TO PILATES OF TODAY.

You may shut me fast in your dungeons dank,
And bury me deep in scorn,
But you cannot slay the sacred dream
To which my soul was born.

You may harry me forth to the wilderness
As in the ancient way,
But you cannot quench the precious spark
That lights dawn of new day.

You may burn my body to cinders black
And scatter my ashes wide,
But you cannot destroy the glowing dream
For which that body died.

You may slay, imprison, but all's in vain,
And futile hatred's decree,
For never the tortures nor gibes of man
Can murder the dream in me.

White Plains Daily Reporter.

O. H. Roesner.

RETURN.

I will go back unto myself again—
Back to the great immortal meaning of it all;
Back to the surge and storm; back to the tides of life.
I will await with joy the cleansing flood
Of the unlocked gates of being.
Such journeying
Will lead me to the shores of other selves,
Out where the pains and pities buried lie—
Out where men die for want of broken bread
And the poured wine of human sympathy;
Or, deeper death, go dying, still in life.

I will go back unto myself again.
I will be one with life's great lovers; I will be
One with its splendid haters; I will be
One with the beauty of uncovered things.
I will not smile and say, "All's good,"
Looking at life shot through with misery,
Only to turn aside impatiently.
Back to the heartbreak and the pain
That touch these other lives toward which I strive—
I will go back and live with these again.
I will go out upon the highway of my kind,
My great tramp kinsmen, I would know
The roads that call to them—the wayside flowers,
The touch of comrade hands.
If I would 'speak their tongue I must go back—
Back to myself again.

New York Herald.

Mary Siegrist.

THE LAST GUEST.

How think you it will be when ev'ning embers
Alone light up the trail that leads us home ;
When past are all our Aprils and Septembers,
When feet are weary, and no more may roam.

O'er springtime paths, with south winds softly blowing
The wine of romance from some fairy isle,
And in our veins a mystic gladness flowing
Makes Paradise of earth for one brief while.

Or when the noontide bright in all its whiteness
No longer lights the way where once our feet
Trode gaily, gladly, in their fleetness, lightness,
Fair summer ways of life that seemed complete.

I think 'twill all be well when westward turning,
We walk no more life's spring and summer ways.
If Love be still our guest, his bright light burning
To cheer the darkness of December days.

Kansas City Star.

Ella May Arneal.

THE DREAMER

Deny me the vision, I perish ;
Rob me of dream and I die ;
Life void of vision and dreaming
Is life without sun in the sky.

Oh, blind my rapt eyes in your hatred,
Submerge me with want and cold care,
But so long as you leave me my dreaming
I'll laugh at the demon despair.

No dungeon was dark enough ever
To bar me from beauty and light,
So long as I still have my dreaming,
My soul will not wander in night.

So leave me the dream, I beseech you—
Though it seem but wraithlike and frail—
For if I be guided by vision,
I dare against all things prevail.

Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel.

Oscar H. Roesner

"O TEMPORA——!"

("Two women electors, both grandmothers, fly to capital."—News item).

There was an age (a vanished age)
When everyone was slow;
They crossed the land by stage-coach then—
The choo-choos didn't go;
Pa ploughed and sowed, and Grandpa milked;
Ma wove the clothes they'd wear;
While Grandma by the chimney spun,
And rocked the cradle there.

But Baby's at the movies now,
And Grandma's in the air.

Oh vanished age! Oh foolish age!
Today we're very wise;
No more we skim the foaming pail—
We'd rather skim the skies,
Or skim the streets, in Klatter-Kars;
(Not Pa, though—for his lair
Is in the cellar's darkest depths
Since home brew needs his care).
Ma's learning plastic dancing at
A studio in the "Square"—

And Baby's at "The Purple Sin"
And Grandma's in the air!

New York Sun.

Luella Stewart.

GROWING UP.

Gee! But I wanted to grow up.
I wanted to put on longies
And smoke cigars,
And be a man
With a pay-day on Saturday.
I wanted to grow up
And have somebody to buy sodas for,
And take to the circus
Once in a while.

We all did, then:
Pat, who could throw any kid in town,
And Don, who went to the Advent church,
And said the world was coming to an end
In Nineteen-hundred,
And Brick Top and Eppie and Skin and Spider.

We all wanted to grow up
And become pirates and millionaires and
Soldiers and Presidents and
Owners of candy stores.
And all the time we were eating home-cooking
And wearing holes in our pants,
And talking Hog-Latin
And doing what two fingers in the air
Stood for;
And saving stamps,
And making things we read about
In *The Boys' World*.
Do you know how to play mumble-de-peg,
And skim rocks,
And tread water,
And skin the cat?
Do you know what a stick on the shoulder stands for
And what "Comggery wiggery meggery" means?

Skin is running a wheat farm, now,
Up in North Dakota.
Pat's on the road
Selling something or other.
Brick Top never grew up, quite,
And was making darts for a kid of his own
When I saw him last.
And Spider is yelling his head off
About Socialism and the class struggle
On street corners.

Don was with the Rainbow Division when the world
ended

Yesterday I heard a little freckle-face
Whistle through his fingers
And tell a feller called Curley
What he was going to do when he grew up.
The Rock Island Argus. *Binny Koras.*

TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

I like you, though I feel your scorn
And cannot share your blithe vivacity
As you rebuild a world reborn
To joy, to courage, to veracity.

I like your clothes—what few you wear—
Your clean, Greek bodies tuned for action;
I like your girls with boyish hair,
No manners—and no petrification.

I like the straight, contemptuous glances
Your cool ironic eyes dart round you;
Not even your paganized romances
Oppress me as they should—confound you!

Strayed revelers from authority,
You lack perhaps the charm of measure,
And steal green apples from the Tree
Of Life, miscalling greenness pleasure.

And yet, your laughter has a ring
Clear as clear Bells! I love your laughter,
Like diamond pebbles from a sling
Shot forth—and Giants die thereafter!

Old, crafty Ogres, Pompous Lies,
Smug Pruriencies and Bald Conventions;
The pebbles flash; Goliath dies—
Scarce understanding your intentions.

Indeed, I like most everything
You say or do or sing, and only
Sigh that your fiddles lack one string
Whose lost vibrations leave me lonely.

That string is—how to name it, tho?
How name it so that you may hear it
Named, without mockery? Ah no,
You must not mock so blest a spirit!

The spirit who saved for you this world
(Such as it is—no Heavenly City
Nor yet God's Curse through Chaos hurled!)
Whose perfect, gentle name is—Pity.

Re-set, re-tune that banished string,
Young godlike mortals, lest when older—
And eaglet hopes have taken wing—
You find, as I, your world grown colder. .

Ah well, advice is cheap enough * * *
You are not listening—God speed you
And help you, if you pull this stuff
When your eugenic sons succeed you!

New York Tribune.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

CHRISTMAS.

'Tis Christmas!

Across the desert wastes there gleams a light.
A solitary star, that glows and shines;
And whispers, like some living thing
That Christ is Born!

'Tis Christmas!

Around the blazing fire are gathered those we love,
And in their merriment they think of us, the absent
ones;
And silently. they breathe a prayer
That Peace is on the Earth!

'Tis Christmas!

And yet a few short years ago we were in France
Fighting our fellow men, like demons all possest
But now 'tis peace, our prayer joins theirs
Good-Will Towards Men!

'Tis Christmas!

And the heart of every wanderer reaches
Back to those he loved,
And wonders if they, his beloved, think of him.
His soul is there, his body here, his heart
Back Home!

'Tis Christmas!

Across the desert wastes there gleams a light,
A solitary star, that glows and shines:
And whispers like some living thing
That Christ is Born!

Walla Walla Bulletin.

Joseph Ruffner, Jr.

HILLBOUND.

Under the shrill, cool quivering of mountain stars,
He lay in boyish hate: hate for the time-ribbed scars
And bloodless crags, the stupid flocks, the wanton
birds,

Hate for his mountain folk, their ways, their loves,
their herds,

The rough-hewn women of their kind, the dew-plumed
sage,

Hate for the space about, the endless space, the age;
Nor would he open up his eyes lest he should see
More things to hate, some shaded voice, some mordant
tree,

Some dread assurance that the irons of mountain birth,
Would chain him hillbound till he ebbd again to earth.

At length, too full of fearing hate for hating more,
He rose, beastlike, and shook as if to fling the roar

Of silence from his heart, and struck a jagged trail
And climbed the black, unraveling thing up to a pale

Old amber height, and stood there in the winged wind
As he had done long nights before, and let his mind

Dream o'er the blue plain far below and out to where
A glow of checkered city lit the distant air,

And while he watched, the far-off city lights grew dim,
And slowly drew away—and drew away from him,

As they had always drawn away when he had stood
Upon the clutching crag with longing in his blood.

And in that jeweled far-away were burning eyes
Of one much like himself, sweeping his prisoned skies

To see the peaks, rising like keen-edged silver helms,
Splitting and shivering golden moonlight down them-

selves,

Forever slipping back the more his longing grew,

Vanishing, vanishing into the open blue,

Leaving him hopeless, cursing, in the city's clasp,

Like some old withered mandarin reaching to grasp
A snowy, blooming girl who meets his crumbling

glance

With white withdrawal and sweeps on in ghostly dance.

Denver Times.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

THE GULF STREAM OF THE SKY.

On cloudless nights its course I used to trace,
While faring homeward on the dim-lit ways:
A pearly, sea-broad river flung thro' space,
Its isles and shores with beacon lights ablaze.

From garden, too, and casement I would scan
That drift of star dust, galaxy of spheres;
The sun's fleet arrows, swerveless, could not span
The gulf it silvers in ten thousand years.

On moonless nights in town I see no more
The mystic river, awesome to behold—
Only the beacon lights along the shore,
Paled by our radiant roofs and towers of gold.

I have lain off at night—the stars o'erhead,
The forest still, the river lisping by,
The embers of the campfire smoldering red—
And roved that ghostly gulf stream of the sky.
Chicago Daily Tribune. Charles Wesley Anderson.

WHEN GARDNER SYMONS COMES TO TOWN.

When Gardner Symons comes to town,
The weather does its best for him,
And every person of renown,
Goes on a joyous quest for him.
They wave a wand and lo there's snow,
And then the artist off does go,
To paint a masterpiece or two,
Of snow and trees and shadows blue.

When Gardner Symons comes to town,
Are teas and dinners all for him,
And when the snow is coming down,
Gay nature sends a call for him.
Reporters, too, go out to see,
Just how the master's paint can be
So pliable out in the cold,
For with bare fingers he can hold
His palette firm and paint away
From early 'till close of day.

So, Gardner Symons, come again,
Come—come in snow and come in rain;
You'll always find a welcome here,
A glad right hand and hearty cheer!
Des Moines Sunday Register. Lilian Hall Crowley.

TILL THE DAY.

Mirror, you lie! I am not old and gray,—
Last night the fairies came to me again.
Oh, I rose very softly then,
And left him, sleeping, till the day.

Along the old hill road then, joining hands,
Beyond the little bridge, the dry creek bed,
Across the golden stubble led,
To where the silver oak tree stands.

There was strange music, wildly sad and sweet,
There with much laughter a rich feast was spread,
And there was dancing overhead,
And cricket fiddlers at my feet.

With them all night I danced and sang and played,
For I drank deeply of their moonlight wine,
And glad blue eyes looked into mine,
And mine were glad, and unafraid.

So all night long we loved in very truth,
(And then I knew the madness was complete,)
For, oh, his kisses were so sweet,
With the pure ecstasy of youth.

Mirror, you lie! I am not old and gray,
For I was with the fairies all last night,
And, oh, the moon was still and white,
And I was happy—till the day.

Albany Sunday Democrat. Sarah Hammond Kelly.

FROM A COYOTE PRIMER.

A mangy coyote, I, and City park, my pattered home;
Ancestry? Yes, a few—I'll tell the world they founded
Rome;

And if you're interested in my genealogy,
Just look my grandad up in Horace—"Integer Vitae;"
Or browse in Dante's stuff, or maybe Little Riding
Hood,

But don't go far, because our reputation is not good.
You see, about the time way back when centuries
began,

In China land lived Pao-tse, a gloomy courtesan,
And old Yow-Wang, the emperor, did many hours
beguile

Attempting stunts to see if he could make the lady
smile—

And finally he turned the trick, her laughter shook the
ground,

By shouting "Wolf," when really there weren't any
wolves around;

In later days the yarn was told about a shepherd lad,
But by that time our 'scutcheon was all blotted to the
bad.

But that's an Asiatic tale and something of a bore,
Here in the West my chronicles are colorful galore
My father was the burning sun, my mother was the
moon,

And under a green toahafs bush at high Apache noon,
With all the chieftains sitting round and feather flags
unfurled,

I made a notable debut into Apache world.

And when the great flood came and not a soul was to
survive,

I came out yelping lustily and very much alive.

I once had magic powers to cause strange sickness in
a child,

And also had a rating as the Touchstone of the wild.

The arrows of the Navajos on me had no avail,

Unless, perchance, they hit me on my nosetip or my
tail,

Because the sun and moon at birth had armed me with
a spell,

Which hardly any Navajos could fathom very well.

I could go on and tell you tales to make your blood
run cold,
Of swimming feats, enchanted elks and strawberries
and gold,
But this I'll add: Back in the days when mother was
Moon-Queen;
My pelt, like the good toahafs bush, was very pretty
green;
But then I heard a bluebird sing about a magic lake,
In which all dusty beasts could four successive plunges
take,
Then step upon the bank and chant a mystic phrase or
two,
And like himself, turn into brilliant Maeterlinckian
blue.
So I dived in and followed the directions of the bird,
And came out like the prairie sky—conceit was not the
word;
Then tripped and rolled into the dust of a young gopher
town,
And ever since that day I've been a ragged yellow-
brown.

The Denver Times.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

THE WANDERER.

I have come back to my own again, to my old familiar
place—
To the peace and quiet I left behind in this little
circled space.
I have warmed my hands by the friendly blaze of many
a home hearth-side:
“At last,” they say, “he has come to stay—at last he
is satisfied.”
But there is a cry in the wind tonight, and it will not
let me be,
And well I know I must rise and go whenever it comes
to me.

My feet are stayed in the pleasant ways, my heart is
a thing at rest;
For me there is neither north nor south, there is
neither east nor west.
And out of a very thankfulness the spirit in me sings
For a new-born beauty I find each day in simple and
homely things.
Yet there is a voice in the wind tonight, like the surge
of the western sea.
And it's I that know I must rise and go whenever it
comes to me.

The West with its wide and open charm, the East with
its days that were,
The fragrant South, with its lotus bloom, the North
with its spicy fir—
They have taken my fancy, each in turn, and held me
a little while,
But the feet turn back to the beaten paths when it
comes to the last long mile.
Yet there is a call in the wind tonight, and the gray
road opens free,
And tomorrow I know I shall rise and go wherever it
beckons me.

Kansas City Star.

Esther Clark Hill.

WHEN DEATH HAS LOST THE KEY.

When all my limbs are locked,
And death has lost the key;
When I am but the dream
Of some dead ecstasy;
I will not ever wage
Old quarrels with myself:
Or seek to read the books
Upon life's dusty shelf.

But I shall always hear
The tread of April's feet,
Stirring the earth to song:
And feel the flaming beat
Of earth's heart, near and near,
Finding her heart at last:
And dreams will come to me
And hours forever past.

Only the happy hours,
Melodiously again,
And April dreams will come
Leading the April rain;
When all my limbs are locked,
And death has lost the key,
And I myself the dream
Of some dead ecstasy.

The New York Evening Post. Kenneth Slade Alling.

MISNOMER.

Nay! tell me not that the year grows old,
When it is made of newborn days;
It is like a book as the leaves unfold,
With the pages fresh always.

It does not decline, decay and die,
As the sages have long, long said,
The change that comes is in you and I,
It is we that grow old instead.

Los Angeles Times.

Esther Crone.

IN A HOSPITAL.

Day after day they come to me and say:
"You will be better; you are strong today."
And then they turn and bring me dishes fraught
With love and science, tender care and thought,
And cunning drinks, and flowers whose fragrant bloom
Throw rainbow colors round my bare-walled room.
And I—I laugh and take the things they bring,
Though I have felt the Sable of His Wing.
For once, on waking swiftly from my sleep,
I saw their unveiled eyes and knew the deep.
Yet day by day we play our little game.
The while they use all efforts known to fame,
I smile, and smiling let them have their way.
Dear God, how precious grows life's little clay!
I find myself long dwelling on a face,
To hold its human beauty, gentle grace,

Long looking into keen and skillful eyes,
So deft in hiding death, and death's surprise.
And all the dear familiar things that seem
In life so common grow like to a dream,
Until apart I watch the world go by
And marvel that my lips should make no cry.
I do not think the waiting will be long,
Though brave the flesh, the spirit grows more strong,
And while my life is dear, ah, God, how dear,
I lift my lips to kiss the Sable near,
So when at dawn they find me, they shall go
And say, "Thank God, thank God, she did not know."
New York Times. *Erene E. Angleman.*

LIFE.

A wistful baby croon,
An eager shout,
A worried, hurried noon,
And then—"Lights out."

Des Moines Register. Mrs. Lewis Worthington Smith.

"AND THE RAIN CAME NOT."

Sleep, little man-child; pale little Moon-flower, sleep.
Empty the rice-bowl; the dust is deep on the wine-cup
So sleep, bright Dew of the Morning.

At the first of each moon have I prayed at the Temple
of Buddha;
Have wafted my prayers to the Temple of Ten Thou-
sand Buddhas;
Offering jewels of jade, and the purple smoke of the
incense.
But the rain came not, and the rice grew black in the
furrow.
With the flush of the dawn have I bowed before the
tablets of my ancestors,
Sharing my meager store.
But the rain came not, and the young wheat died and
the millet.

Sought I then in my anguish the King of the Dragons,
 who dwells in the water ;
Dwells in his cave, deep, deep in the silent water.
Gayly I plucked at my lute, and sang, though my
 heart was heavy ;
And tossed in my arms that fair sweet blossom, thy
 sister.
Fairer she was than the first frail bud of the lotus.
But the rain came not. And forth from the depths of
 the cavern
Angry ripples arose and lashed at my feet in fury.
Madness seized me,
And into the swirling waters I cast her, my jewel,
 my flower ;
That so her measure of rice should sustain thee, wise
 little man-child.

And the rain came not.
The sky was a bowl of brass, and brass the glittering
 day.
Suddenly fell the night.
The reeling stars swooned in the sullen river.
Wanly the young moon rose, dipping her face in the
 river.
Six times the young moon rose, dipping her face in
 the river.
Six times the round moon waned, and chill grew the
 river.
Fluttered the first white feathers of snow. The earth
 grew cold and colder ;
Cold as the brow of that fair sweet blossom, thy sister ;
Cold as the clutch of the fear that wakes in my bosom.

So sleep, little man-child ; pale little Moon-flower,
 sleep.
Empty the rice-bowl ; the dust is deep on the wine-cup.

In the dew of the dawn I will pray to the foreign
 Father,
The Great White God that dwells in the Temple of
 Heaven ;
Bearing as gifts these empty hands and the broken
 prayers of a mother.

Yet, sleep, little Moon-flower, sleep. It is far to the
harvest,
And far to the Great White God that dwells in the
Heavens;
And far, oh, far, to His Temple behind the stars,
So sleep, little man-child; wan little Moon-flower,
sleep.
Wide is the river, and kind.
New York Times. *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

THE SAGES.

The sages met and wagged their heads, and drank a
cup of tea,
And rounded o'er life's puzzle with a quaint phil-
osophy.
Old friends were they. Across the board that held
the tray of cheer
They'd told the day since time remote—for three
score and a year.
The one that needs must use a staff and don a black
skull cap,
And wear drear darksome goggles—the longest
whiskered chap—
Had trod a weary labyrinth and come a tiresome way,
Toiling in painful, trying search, nor found the light
of day.

"I trow," said he, "the game is all a reckless pitch
and toss;
A day's a motley this and that. We even doublecross
Ourselves, nor know the fount where truth eternal
wells;
The passing show's a masquerade, a lying cap and
bells."
The one that had the baldest head but did not wear a
cap,
Whose beard would trim itself for shame o'er Rip
Van Winkle's nap,
Who walked on legs unaided and saw with eyes still
clear,
He fain would make the clouds away and mean doubts
disappear.

"My friend," said he, "the world's a-queer—by its
own strange collusion
It paints a shiny rainbow's end and deals to us il-
lusion.
Yet if you know the nasty trick a desert landscape
plays,
Discount it all, nor take to heart chimeras sleight and
ways
You'll see the truth you've hunted for so very close
at home,
It dwells not on a foreign shore or far off ocean
foam.
The last year's butterflies and flowers, your youth of
yesterday,
They all are gone—but what you seek, my friend, is
here to stay."

They parried each. What one would say the other
must combat;
The skillet sizzled for them both and gave its lean and
fat.
A middle course there might have been, but certain
pairs of blinkers
Are trained to see the diamonds rare, while others see
the sinkers.
"Love rules the world," said the baldest head, with a
thrifty knowing glance.
"The moon that gleams for the third floor back and
the alley cat romance
Sends its selfsame beams to the vale of dreams for
each lover's rendezvous.
The truth you seek rides in each night on filtered mist
to you."

"Your vision's warped"—the goggle-eyed—"The truth
disports in red,
A hydra-headed monster it—it breathes and leaves us
dead.
In love, society and war, in the latest gown of fashion,
It tells its tale and sears the soul. It spells itself in
passion!"
"I guess again," spoke the stronger legs, "It's noble
fear of God
Rules all the world." Came the reply, "Then God is
spelt in blood."

Five million men lay down their all; their grave is in
a trench;
The kings survey the field and ask God's blessing on
the stench."
But still friends they—the sages. No word could cut
the bond
That held their lives together. And slightly out
beyond
The compass of their rooms, in truth, the staff sup-
ported's son
Held the baldest headed's daughter in the magic of
the moon.
The Kansas City Star. *Will S. Denham.*

THE LADY FROM FRANCE.

She came from France, from gay Paree,
The grandest dame we could wish to see.
She came from France, and we stood tiptoe
To catch the cut of each furbelow.
But how we stared, with a start and frown,
When we saw but a woman in simplest gown,
So plain, indeed, the merest glance
Discredited all our dreams of France;
Yet the crowd was cheering, and with the rest
We waved and smiled at our stranger guest,
A great light breaking to show us why
The throng should cheer as the car rolled by.

O, not for her lustrous silks of Paree—
Her garb was as plain as it well could be;
And not for her ravishing dream of a hat—
It was old and faded—all noticed that.
Not for her dainty white gloves of kid,
Nor glove nor mantle her frail hands hid—
Those dear, brave hands that have scattered free
Her priceless gleanings in alchemy.
Ah! few there be whose lifelong quest
Is to find some balm to relieve the rest,
Who pour out the wealth of their richest find,
Without money or price, upon all mankind.

And for this did we bow at her shrine today,
The dear little woman so plain and gray;
For an aureole played 'round her sainted brow—
Unseen, yet perceived in the heart somehow,
And something divine in those hands we saw
That filled each heart with a touch of awe;
Those hands surpassing our mother's own
In the deathless devotion that they had shown,
Not merely to those of her household band,
Not merely to those of her chosen land,
Or the girlhood vales she had left behind,
But, Christlike and Godlike, to all mankind.

O, all too rare in this narrow life,
In maiden or matron, in mother or wife,
Do we meet the devotion that draws no line
Between the appeal of the "mine" and thine";
That takes the suffering world to its heart,
Whose pitying tears as readily start
For the stricken in Chile or far Cathay
As for those who wail at its doors today.

And this is why we were touched with awe
When that saintlike face thru our tears we saw.
And why the lady from gay Paree,
With her garb as plain as it well could be,
Awakened us all from our dreams of ease,
Our self-indulgence and plans to please,
To the higher dream God had in mind
When He gave us our mission to all mankind.
All honor, proud Nation, to Madame Curie!
She has taught us a nobler democracy.

Rocky Mountain News.

Minnie E. Blake.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

On the Tercentenary of Their Landing.

Some walk in Plymouth, seeing but unseen;
Some walk in Plymouth, hearing but unheard;
They are the Pilgrim Fathers, and I ween
Would hold us, on this great day, with a word
By their peculiar retrospect illumed,
And their peculiar bond intensified:
Not with their bodies were their minds entombed,
Nor did they cease to love because they died.

They hailed this coast, three hundred years ago,
In all its wildness, all its savagery;
They greeted it—its bleak rocks, and its snow,
Harassed by winds from off the perilous sea.
Again they land; again they hew the wood;
Again erect the log-hut, build the street;
Again they feel their first solicitude
And pray their first prayer in their strange retreat.

They walk in Plymouth, thoughtfuller than we
Of what it was and is and may become;
And if they could address us, theirs would be
The eloquence to which men listen dumb.
They would impress us at the storied rock;
They would impress us on the sacred hill;
The gates of freedom came they to unlock,
And with their bones its earliest shrine to fill.

O may we have their consciences of God,
And walk with them, in Plymouth, on this day!
“ ’Tis holy ground, the soil where first they trod!”
’Tis holy ground, where first they knelt to pray!
O may its inspiration be desire
To give our hearts the righteousness of theirs,
And keep alive the consecrated fire
That, by them lighted, freedom’s altar bears!
Boston Evening Transcript. *Ralph H. Shaw.*

THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS.

I’ve known rivers:
I’ve known rivers ancient as the world and older than
the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Kongo and it lulled me to
sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids
above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lin-
coln went down to New Orleans, and I’ve seen
its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers :
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

The Crises.

Langston Hughes.

NIGHT IN THE WEST.

There is something uplifting, inspiring,
In the plains of the beautiful West,
When calmly the day is expiring
And all Nature is going to rest.

The sun sets in glorious splendor,
Then a hush settles over the world,
The voices of Day sink to silence
As the mantle of Night is unfurled.

Gently the shadows grow darker.
The light slowly fades from the West.
The countryfolk cease all their labors
And partake of the sleep of the blest.

The moon, in her majesty, rises,
The delicate queen of the night,
And as she mounts higher and higher
She floods all the world with her light.

From afar, through the silence, there comes
The wild coyote's quavering howl,
Then, as mystery and silence resume
I hear the sad hoot of the owl.

Each creature of Nature rejoices
In the wonderful night, Heaven-born,
Sweetly they sleep through the silence
To wake at the coming of morn.

Then give me the beautiful prairie,
With its miles of undefiled sod,
It breathes of the peace of the angels,
And the goodness and mercy of God.

Emid Events.

Ida Stoner-Foster.

THE DESERT FLOCK.

Down from the mesa's wind-blown height,
While sunset fires the western steep,
Toward the low shelters of the night
The herder guides his sheep.
They huddle by, sun-drowsed and mute,
As following some magic flute—
Four thousand banded sheep, and more,
Across the dusty desert floor.

How many ages, long since hid,
Mankind has shepherded his flocks!
On far Judean plains or mid
The Attic hillside rocks
And here today they seem to wear
An undefined, sweet ancient air,
Shuffling through the sunset glow
As through a world of long ago.

The Blatimore Sun.

Grace C. Howes.

WHITE-ROBED NIGHT.

Now night her sable curtain draws
About the glittering, frost-bound earth,
And countless stars in splendor glow
Like gentlest fairies clust'ring round
The queenly moon. How soft the light
Their silver wings diffuse across
The placid face of dreaming wold:
The drowsy wind with plaintive sigh
Anon sweeps through the leafless trees:
The snow, soft-footed as the dawn,
Outspreads its mantle o'er the earth:
Yon ling'ring clouds on fleecy wings
Flit o'er the distant hills, and all
Is still, save where the murm'ring brook
With dulcet sound leaps through the glade;
Or, from the forest's solemn depths
The lonesome owl, in descants loud,
Disturbs the august solitude.

How fair the scene! How crisp the air!
Can Southern clime with languid skies,
And smoky air, and vapors foul—
E'en fog-banked meadows wet with dew—
Can these compare in queenly grace
With Minnesota's white-robed night?

Minneapolis Tribune.

Carter J. Greenwood.

A RONDEAU ROMANTIC.

At noon beneath the greenwood tree
Pan piped a wondrous melody * * *
And Echo, lingering in the shade,
Repeated it. Across the glade
There came a golden-coated bee,
(A prince he was 'twixt you and me,
In some old Persian dynasty),
Enchanted by the tune Pan played
At noon.

He found a rose beneath the tree,
Where sun wove golden filigree,
And, as in ages past, a maid
Had won his heart, so now he stayed,
Enchained by love's sweet ecstasy,
At noon.

The New York Times.

Whitelaw Saunders.

RESTLESSNESS.

I am restless—always restless—
At the springtime of the year—
When the days are growing longer
And the violets appear.
When the hills are getting greener,
And the birds begin to nest,
Something thrills me—something stirs me—
And it will not let me rest.

Restless—as the pines are restless
Where they stand in serried lines ;
Restless—as the wind is restless,
As it stirs the mountain pines ;
Restless—as the brook is restless
Chafing ever for the sea ;
Restless—as the caged bird longing
For the sky's immensity !

I am restless—ever restless—
When the springtime comes around,
And the smiles and tears of April
Stir and vivify the ground ;
When the sheeted vapor rises
Slowly from the sodden plain,
And the robin in the garden
Makes his morning chant again.

There is something in the odors
Of the newly wakened earth—
There's something in the ecstasy
Of nature's strange re-birth—
And it fills me and it thrills me,
'Till I feel my bosom brim
With a feeling borrowed maybe
From beholding cherubim.

And I cannot tell you whether
That this strange un-ease of mine
Is a longing that is prompted
By desire for things Divine.
Or by mere dissatisfaction,
And I cannot tell you why,
But each springtime finds me restless
And it will—while I am I !

Brattleboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

A CABARET DANCER.

I knew a little dancer, a fairy little dancer.

Her heart was like a lily bud, her eyes were drops
of dew.

Her lips, to every sweetest thought, were tremulous
with answer.

Dear love was but a land of dreams her soul could
loiter through.

I knew her when her dancing was still a maid's ro-
mancing,
When motion was but ecstasy and ecstasy was song.
Upon the tangles of her hair the morning sun was
glancing.
How could she dream so early of midnight's throb-
bing gong?

I know a little dancer, a weary little dancer.
Her heart no longer poses when her body twists
and turns.
Her soul has lost its passions and her flesh alone can
answer,
When violins are calling and the glaring spotlight
burns.

I knew a little dancer, a fairy little dancer.
Ah, for the broken lily bud her heart became in
town!
Her smiles are sighs, for now no more sweet motion
can entrance her,
And love is but a poppy field her feet have trampled
down.

New York Sun.

Lewis Worthington Smith.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE DAY.

I saw three weavers in the sun
Weaving a sea of gray;
And I said, as I passed them one by one,
"Now what do you weave, I pray?"
And they gibbered and jeered and winked and leered,
"We are weaving a shroud," said they.

I saw three gray-beards in the sun
Spading the lumpy clay,
Their eyes were dim and their glances grim.
"Now what do you dig, I pray?"
And they trembled and sighed as their task they plied.
"We are digging a grave," said they.

I saw three worms in the churchyard mold
Waiting to claim their prey;
"Now why do you wait, by the churchyard gate,
Worms, tell me this, I say?"
"It is time to eat, we would have our meat,
And there's somebody dead," said they.

The clouds were bright and the sky was blue
And the air was the air of May;
But every cloud was like a shroud
And the fresh wind smelled of clay;
And I thought of the dead, and the watchers dread,
And I walked no more that way!
Springfield Sunday Republican. Arthur Goodenough.

TO HELEN.

Speak to me, Helen, from thy snowy couch;
Speak words responsive to my anxious cry.
Smile, wilt thou once, and thy sweet smile shall vouch
Thou still dost live—I cannot let thee die!

Awake, my Helen! thou hast said to me
To press thy lips would wake thy final sleep.
I, praying, press them that it so may be;
Must I forever this sad sorrow keep?

Speak from thy casket, my most precious love;
I cannot let thee thus too soon depart.
Wilt thou one placid muscle only move?
I list for life in thy pure, precious heart.

Speak from thy resting place beneath the trees,
Speak in the songs of birds that wing the air.
Breathe in the breath of this sweet summer breeze,
And press me with thy presence everywhere.
Springfield Union. Perry Marshall.

JUST TWENTY-ONE.

The Century now comes of age
As Twenty-one struts on the stage.
Gray and bent and down on his luck,
Old Year to New has passed the buck.
The load the "dead one" lays aside,
The husky "live one" swings with pride.

The merry youngster, rash twenty-one,
Will sure see trouble ere his time be done!
Reformers, armed with beaks and claws,
Make threats to lash us with blue laws.
Millions employed earn not enough,
But stand off debts with stall and bluff.
Rich men, grown rich through profiteering,
Reach for more graft and keep jeering.
Some men themselves will still deceive
With lies that none but fools believe.
Some will make vows they cannot pay,
While human nature still holds sway.
I'll make no promise to reform,
I may not be able to breast temptation's storm.

The Washington Times

Joe Roscoe Conklin.

WITH YOU.

The hour was long ago
When you held me in your arms,
Yet like spring my heart
Is mad with a joyous ecstasy—
You seem so near.
Thus alone and never lonely
I linger in the haunts you loved
And I welcome old memories
As starved flowers drink the dew;
For I live in a world of beauty
With only love and you.

The Vienna News.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.

DIANA SUMMONED.

A targe of polished metal is the moon;
And golden arrows are the cypress trees.
A hunting-song the pallid Echo sings * * *
And breathless from the chase, Diana flings
Herself beside a pool where, at the noon,
The budded lotus and the gilded bees
Kept amorous rendezvous * * * On silvered wings
The timid humming-bird each blossom knows,
And gathers in his store from every rose.

Diana weaves a screen of lacey cloud * * *
And lang'rous south wind croons a lullaby * * *
The honeysuckle swings a cradle sweet;
And Magi-like, with perfume gifts to greet;
Tall lilies stand in adoration bowed;
Diana, smiling, speaks * * * Swift as a sigh,
Dull fear draws down his wan mask in defeat;
A lark up-winged greets the misty morn
With swelling anthem * * * And, lo, June is born.
The Kansas City Star. *Whitelaw Saunders.*

LIFE.

When of old the great Paulinus
Sat in Edwin's Castle Hall,
While around him thanes and chieftains,
King and courtiers one and all—
Harkening to his holy teaching
E're the evening shadows fall.

As he spoke of life and labor,
Death and immortality;
Came a bird through unglazed window
Which in flight went instantly
Round that hallroom in a circle;
Then flew out immediately.

Quick Paulinus saw the symbol,
And he showed to King and men
How the bird's flight transitory
Round that hall—and out again,
Symbolled life—in from the outside—
Just once round—then out again.

Into light—not into darkness,
Into God's own glorious world!
After darkened castle's hallway
Quickly he his wings unfurled.
Such is life. After earth's cycle
Man is not in darkness hurled.

Buffalo Commercial.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

MY ENEMY.

You are my enemy:
You steal my thoughts;
How can I work
When your smile dances
On the pages of my book?
How can I write
When the music of your voice
Echoes in my ears?
You are everywhere,
I have no world
Unless you are there.
If I close my eyes
I feel your arms around me
I know I am conquered;
For the things that counted once
Now play a minor part
Since you came
And took away my heart.

The Vienna News.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.

ARROWS.

Your words pierced my heart today
Like arrows
Shot from a tight strung bow.
Where are the birds of yesterday?
Where are the yellow butterflies
I chased over the golden fields?
I find no beauty in the skies,
My world is gray.
For the memory of your words
Is like the cold white snow
That falls upon the earth
And kills a little growing thing
Which peeps through the green leaves
To meet the joyous spring—
Ah, if only, by some magic art,
You might take back your words
That so cruelly wrung my heart.

The Vienna News.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.

FASCISTI.

From cloud-hid battle-front on Alpine height
To where the azure sea in sunshine sleeps—
Tirreno's kiss the Adriatic greets—
We'd won, with pain, with wound, with life, by right

Our long-lost land. Insatiate, the slight
Of friends; insatiate, the fiend who seeks
To blast our laurels while the field still reeks—
To turn a chaos to eternal night.

Enough of this! The she-wolf's whelps awake,
The fasces that the Roman lictors bore,
The legion's eagle—symbols now we take
For love of land, for justice, and the law,
Our zeal, our faith, all sacrifice we stake,
This renders death sublime and fate secure.

New York Times.

Walter Littlefield.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

When I wake at the break of the morning
Let me face the whole world with a smile,
For the road stretches out in the distance
And courage will shorten each mile.
Each day as I solve my life's problem
I pray that the chances I've had,
Have taught me to see in my neighbor
All the good and far less of the bad.

There are sights in a city that sicken
'Twixt my office and third story room,
But I ask that You govern my vision
So I see all the flowers in bloom.
All friendships are not what they promise,
And lips are oft twisted with lies,
But I pray that my soul may distinguish
The good from the bad in their eyes.

When I look on the face of a wanton
Give me strength to turn from her charms,
Let me see her again as a daughter
Or a babe in her mother's arms.
Now the beggar that sits on the corner,
The one who is minus his legs,
Make me shake his old hand as an equal,
Poor devil—he's drunk of the dregs.

I ask for no place with the angels,
Nor hope to cruise round on the wing,
When Gabriel blows his last trumpet
And hosts in the highest sing,
Let me look once again o'er the river,
From the place I have gone over there,
And see written plain on a tablet,
"He played the whole game on the square."

Enid Daily News.

Stewart Vander Veer.

THE DAWN.

I stood upon a street at break of day,
When first the rays of sunlight pierced the clouds
And banished frosts and mists of night away
And with them all the fears that night enshrouds.

I saw the city's buildings lift their heads,
To stand once more four square beside the spires,
And men who last night crawled half-heartedly to bed
Now hurried forth with hope's rekindled fires.

The mighty clouds that fain would linger on
The chilling winds that sought to hurt and freeze,
Now faded into nothingness at dawn,
I marveled that we'd given heed to these.

While through the air a thought of newness came,
New strength and vim, with joy to brest the fray,
This was God's gift, to every one the same.
The greatest of all gifts—a new-born day.

Kansas City Star.

Robin A. Walker.

KID DAYS OF LONG AGO.

O, were you e'er a freckled boy
Who stubbed his bare-foot toes
And found it did not spoil the joy
Of scanty summer clo'es?

And did you never sit down by
A log across a brook,
And with keen, boyish ardor, try
To fish with a pin-hook?

And did you never own a pair
Of red-top boots, brass-toed,
And wear them with a prideful air,
'Fore your first corns had grow'd?

The Washington Times.

Joe Roscoe Conklin.

MOODS.

Sometimes you long to get away
From just this place, from just this day,
From everything you have and know;
From house, from town, from family,
From everything that seems to be
A part of you—it irks you so.

And even this were not enough—
To flee from mere surrounding stuff
Like time and place and folk and pelf;
The thing from which you seek escape
Is mostly that impending' shape
And torpid brain you call yourself.

If only one could leave behind
This old, familiar, tiresome mind,
And with some other think anew!
To gain new memories, new desires,
To kindle unimagined fires;
And prove all ugly truths untrue!

If otherwise I cannot lose
My outworn soul, I think I choose
A seat beneath that fabled tree
Where, all untouched by human moods,
Eternal Buddha sits and broods,
On Nothing, everlastingly.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ted Robinson.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Drawn from the starry skies, eternal, high ;
Hidden awhile beneath the flowery soil ;
Clasped deep and dark in the warm arms of Earth,
Rising again through crystal springs to birth
In silver pools where shines again the sky.

In childhood : Tinkling streams meander slow,
Laughing to kiss the meadows as they go ;
Lagging to mirror back the flowers that blow,
Kissed by the breeze, and smiling, bending low.

Grown to a river ; Broad and stately flowing,
Joined and enriched by friendly streams of love ;
Far from the mountain air and snows above ;
Drawn ever onward with the current growing,
Passing green fields and hastening through the cities,
Tarnished awhile, but growing pure again,
Surging in wide-flung curves towards the ocean,
Blessing, where'er it flows, the dreaming plain.

Then comes the hour of bitter-sweet completion.
Lost in the ocean vastness, salt but warm ;
Hidden itself, but merged in the great form
That touches all the world and feeds again
The clouds above the mountains for the rain.

Wichita Eagle.

Donald Messenger.

HOURS.

The Hours run in, the Hours run out,
Like laughing maids at play ;
A blossom here, a blossom there,
They scatter on the way—
And we who watch their merriment,
Rejoice, from day to day.

But when the dark days come, when we
Are bent and gray and old ;
When snow lies deep along the road
And nights are bitter cold,
The Hours—I pray they be not crones,
Without a flower to hold.

I pray that still they brightly run,
As in the days agone,
Within their hands the bloom of spring,
Upon their brows the dawn ;
When fires of life are low, I hope
Their breath may blow thereon.

Chicago Daily Tribune.

Laura Blackburn.

GIPSY GIRL.

When you danced last night at the masquerade,
Clad as a gipsy girl picturesquely,
When you clattered the cymbals of your tambourine,
How soon the people about you faded away,
And barren earth was where the floor had been.

My love, within a wilderness you danced,
And I alone sat watching you,
With the campfire between us,
With the stars peeping down thru the leaves.
Your hair was with flowers bedecked,
Your ankles, bejeweled and sparkling.

How soon to gipsy land you transported me,
When you danced last night at the masquerade.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Wayne Gard.

FLOWERS.

When a flower is exposed
To the chill night air and dies,
Is this the flower's fault?
"Of course not," is the quick reply ;
It could not help itself,
And so it had to wilt and die.

But when a woman, like a flower,
In the path of harm is thrown,
And to its evil strength succumbs,
All the world looks down on her;
While another who was not tempted
Gets praise for virtuousness,
When she was but the flower
That had been kept inside.

Oh, let us pity—aid, if we can—
The flowers of human kind
Who, like the flowers of the field,
Are too weak to weather through
The evils that encompass them.

The Washington Times.

F. J. Schwab.

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When well I know that all who live must die,
And then at last my eyelids close;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And behold the blossom of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When winds of hate and clouds of scorn draw nigh,
And fast my stricken soul inclose;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And listen to the rustle of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When friends forget and thoughtless pass me by,
And break my heart for passing shows;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And sip the nectar of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When all is lost in sloth and gone awry,
And I my tortured soul expose;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And pluck the petal from the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

I sometimes doubt there is a God,
When hope withdraws and leaves my soul to sigh,
And doubt enthralls me in its throes;
But when I see the rainbow in the sky,
And scent the perfume of the rose,
'Tis then I know there is a God.

Kansas City Star.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

LILIES.

Snowy, stately lilies in a jade-green bowl—
Feast for my earth-dust wearied eyes,
Refreshment for my soul!

Let me sit here in this dim room,
Quiet, in a willow chair—
Drifting, your faint, intriguing breath makes perfume.
The still air seems a magician's passageway
For holy-heart-deep dreams.

Snowy, fragrant lilies in a jade-green bowl—
Peace, born of your exquisiteness,
Sanctifies my soul!

Charleston Sunday News.

Ellen M. Carroll.

AT HOME.

You may seek for the end of the rainbow
Over mountains and valleys afar,
You may wend weary miles in your questing
Until evening blossoms a star—
When homeward you turn, disappointed,
Heartsick at the end of your dream—
You see from your small cottage window
A bright, broad ruddy beam
That beckons you in "O come hither,
Too long from the fireside you roam,
The goal of real joy that you seek for
Is found nowhere else but at home!"

Montgomery Advertiser.

Mary Tarver Carroll.

A SYLVAN VISIT.

To sylvan haunts, alone, today,
I made a tranquil visit,
Enjoying the refreshing shade
And balmy breeze exquisite.

I watched the leafy branches stir
In restless, ceaseless swaying;
I wondered if they danger sensed,
And felt the need of praying.

I heard the whir of breeze-kissed leaves,
Their whispering and sighing;
Caressing didn't please them much,
To say which, they seemed trying.

I then beheld a falling leaf,
And felt the breeze increasing,
And very soon a dusky cloud
Bedimmed the sunlight pleasing.

Ah! now indeed, I understood
Why leaf and bough should worry;
An angry storm might sever them,
Hence all their fuss and flurry.

Lewiston Sun.

Father Cassidy.

CREDO.

Mix a little shake of laughter in the doings of the day,
Scatter golden bits of sunshine as you plod along the
way,
Stop to cheer a fellow human that's a bit worse off
than you—
Help him climb the pesky ladder that you find so hard
to do;
Show by every daily motive, every thought and every
deed—
You are one that folks can turn to when they find
themselves in need;
Just forget the rugged places—make believe they're
slick and smooth;
When you spot the troubled faces, pull a grin and try
to soothe;
Life's a game—a mighty short one—play it gamely
while you can—
Let the score book show the record that you meas-
ured up a MAN!

Pretty pomes and marble towers won't avail you very
much,
When you've passed—unless you've helped to lighten
heavy loads and such;
Better far to have your neighbors say you were a
cheerful chap,
Always kind and always helpful—if you're that,
you'll leave a gap;
You may scatter filthy lucre to your merry heart's
content,
And forgotten be much sooner than some good-
souled homeless gent;
Chances are that in the making of your sordid pile of
cash,
In your handclasps you were faking, though you did
show pep and dash;
Never mind about the fortune you made up your
mind to pile—
But just live the GOLDEN RULE, lad, and your life
will be worth while.

Boston Post.

Roy Neal.

LATE OCTOBER.

Out of my window I look down
Into the yard of my neighbor,
My friend, the parish priest across the way,
And this is the picture I see:
A glowing maple rising like a fountain
Out of the emerald lawn rimmed by a close-clipped
hedge
Of darker green.

All gray the sky is, but the maple
Gleams like spray in sunlight.
Out of its blazing mass
The leaves are showering
Like the sparks that fly when a smouldering fire is
stirred.
They lie in drifts upon the grassy verdure
Like lightly fallen snow of gold;
They powder the sombre green of the hedge
As gilded confetti might powder the head
Of some strangely dark-haired beauty.

Boston Transcript.

Sylvester Baxter.

"THE SCARECROW."

Written by Annie Stone on Her 103d Birthday.

Here is the scarecrow, see him stand
Upon the newly planted land;
A figure rugged and forlorn,
A silent watcher of the corn.

His dangling legs, his arms spread wide,
A lone man of the countryside;
Uncouth, the butt of pen and tongue,
Unheralded, unsought, unsung.

To you, old scarecrow, then this lay
To cheer you on your lonely way;
Would that all men, their whole lives through,
Served some good purpose same as you.

Boston Post.

Annie Stone.

HARP OF THE WINDS.

Mighty musician of the Ægean sea
That sang of Greece at war and Rome a-flame,
That through the dimming mists saw Helen flee
And bring to Troy her beauty and her shame,
Saw Aphrodite from the waters rise
And make earth odorous, and warm, and gay,
That chanted of their glory to the skies—
What was thy instrument across the bay?

Blown from Olympus or from isles nearby,
You struck the vibrant strings of this great harp,
And wrung at will a paean or a sigh,
Drew dirges low, or cries of battle sharp—
Still singing of past glory in low keys:
Only the wind blowing through old, old trees.

El Reno Democrat.

Marrion Grant.

ADOLESCENCE.

They called for him tonight—two little girls,
One near his age, the other younger still;
“Going?” they asked; and he looked straight at me
(We’d planned to read together, he and I),
But now—the girls had come; they had a dance—
He’d partly promised—“Yes,” I said; “yes, go.”
(What mother could say “No”?)

And now I sit alone; the book lies there,
Open where we were reading when they came;
The clock ticks loudly on the mantleshef;
And I—Oh, there are many things to do;
There is a pile of stockings to be darned;
And there are letters that I ought to write;
But somehow I can’t relish work tonight.
I had not thought it came so soon—the change;
Only fourteen, and still my little boy;
For he and I have been such chums—till now;
But now—I cannot give him what he needs!
Is it not cruel? Why is life so hard
To women—most to mothers? Were it toys,
I’d find a way, somehow, to compass it;
It’s been my pride that he had everything
That other boys—with fathers—boasted of;
I’ve been his Providence till now (and, ah,
What joy it was to be his Providence!)
But now—soon I must stand aside and see
Some other woman-soul take up my task
And be to him what I have always been—
Companion, chum, housemate and comforter.

Oh, may she be what I would have her be!
Loyal and loving—true as tested steel!
He trusts so much! Perhaps I blundered there—
Letting him think the world a noble place,
And shutting from his sight the ugly truths
That came so soon to me. Well, I must hope
The best—be cheerful; he so hates to see
My face fall into haggard lines; and there!
The evening’s over—that’s his step, thank God!

Syracuse Journal.

Florence Van Clive.

PIERROT.

Pierrot drifts down, and a faint, clear light
Bathes the garden in silver glow.
Slender white lilies watch his flight;
Red roses nod at pale Pierrot.

Tall white lilies, like silver bells
With golden clappers, stand in a row.
Roses strew petals like crimson shells
Into the path of pale Pierrot.

He bends to the lily, bends to the rose,
He whispers to each of love and woe;
Then, stealthily gliding, onward goes—
The fickle moonbeam, pale Pierrot.

The Baltimore Sun.

Julia Glasgow.

TO A BUTCHER-BIRD.

Come closer, let me see your glossy coat—
You needn't fear a farmer boy like me,
For truly I enjoy your company—
Come, let me hear the song that's in your throat.
Pick up the fattest grubs my plow throws out,
And carry to that hungry brood I found
In yonder bulky nesks, high off the ground,
With feathers lined within, and twigs without.

Your acts of cruelty I long have known;
I've seen the meadow-mice, and sparrows, too,
Which you impale on barb or thorny snag.
And yet, that hunter with a blood-stained bag
Who passed a while ago—he's worse than you.
You kill to live—he kills for sport alone.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Wayne Gard.

THE MIRACLE.

I had waited all the winter for a sign
Something wondrous, a miracle divine;
Today it came, a very lovely thing,
A crocus in the close a-blossoming.
Blue wings a-gleam, a song bird's sweetest strain,
In gladness for spring's miracle again.
Springfield Republican. *Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*

THE SECOND HUSBAND.

Yes, she had loved before we met,
Sometimes she speaks his name,
And on the man beneath the grass,
I lay no blame;

I only know that love of her
Came suddenly to me,
And that my heart lies in her hands,
In proud humility;

Yet, sometimes, when alone we sit,
And evening has begun,
Life comes to mock me with the thought:
Step-father to her son.

White Plains Daily Reporter.

Floyd Meredith.

YOU SET MY HEART TO MUSIC.

Whene'er I see your kindly face again
It sets my heart to music pure and sweet;
Whene'er I hear your voice life's care and pain
Seem all so trivial and vain and fleet.

I think I understand just what you are
To me in life, it needs no studying;
Your character, as lovely as a star,
Inspires me always to new songs to sing.

What would life be without sweet voices here
To cheer us o'er the daily paths we fare,
Without the haunts we daily find most dear,
The atmosphere of friendship dwelling there?

What would it be without its lovely smiles
For here life seems to blossom at its best,
Until we'd simply travel miles and miles
To seek the end of such a happy quest.

Ah, should it be that distance separates
Such happy hearts as yours and mine, my dear,
We may depend there are mostly kindly fates
To intercede for us and give us cheer!

Then simply rest upon old memory
Of loveliness, pure gold and unalloyed,
And know, how well, such joy of ours shall be,
Our peace of heart need never be destroyed.
Detroit Free Press. *Myrtella Southerland.*

THE PIONEERS.

THE VISION.

They felt the lure of mystic mountain crest
And heard the call of age-old, golden plain;
Then, in their faith threw off the doubt and fear
And toiled—while scoffers said their toil was vain.
They dreamed—and in that dreaming saw anew
The vision of the thing that was to be;
And hope led them triumphant to the heights!
While others stumbled, blind—they chose to see!
And as they toiled the vision went before
And cleared the shadows from the path they trod,
And in the strength of new-born hope and love
They held their faith!—And walked alone with
God.

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Where purple crested Peaks reach to the sky
And crag and canon kiss the setting sun,
They found a faith that gave them will to try—
Then gambled all they had on Faith!—and won!
They knew privation; felt the pinch of want
And hardship, yet unto their course held true;
Endured the burn of jeers and bitter taunt—
Yet toiled—and builded better than they knew.
They gave their souls into the golden quest
To make their visions know reality;
And carried out their dream. Then found that they
Had built a milestone to eternity.

RECOMPENSE.

Their Recompense? The memories that teem
Adown the twisted highways of the years,
Blotting away the sorrows and the tears
Leaving the fragrant freshness of a dream.
The right to rest while twilight shadows fall;
Content in heart to wait the coming day
When Youth resplendent, whispering, stoops to say
“These things I owe to you, who gave them all.”
Colorado Springs Telegraph. *Ford C. Frick.*

NEWSPAPER IDYL.
(IN THE VERNACULAR.)

I love to feel news stirring,
And to hear the presses whirring ;
There's nothing else in life to me so dear
As the office and the ever present fear
Of rivals who'll be scooping,
If I'm not forever snooping
On the trail of festive items far and near.
I love the mad careering
When edition time is nearing,
And a story's just about to get away,
An incident to spoil a fellow's day—
Oh, the telephones a-ringing,
And at last the news a-singing
From typewriter to linotype, Hooray!
Oh, I tell you, this is living,
In my soul I'd be forgiving
The worst that life has ever done to me
If they let me hang my hat up near the key
Of the telegraph, a-ticking
The world's pulse, and a-picking
Up the great big news all over land and sea.
For printer's ink's a-trickling
In my veins, and ever tickling
Me, to surge to doughty battles for the news ;
And I know, without the offer, I'd refuse,
As against a Texas oil boom,
My job here in the newsroom ;
It's funny, but I know how I would choose.
Oh, I'd like to stay at writing,
My daily scoops inditing,
Right up to the last minute of them all.
And when I answer to the "thirty" call,
May the Chief where I am going,
My predilection knowing,
In a daily press my soul at once install.
And when I adventure dying,
May it be to newsboys crying
A great big story that has come my way
In gorgeousness of proud, front-page display ;
For then I'd go out snappy
And greet my heaven happy
As the climax of a really perfect day.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

George Elliston.

JUST YOU AND I.

Come! Day is nigh! We'll hie us to the woods,
And watch the shadow-fairies steal away.
We'll listen to the song of woodland elves,
And with them greet the coming of the day.

We'll drink the fragrant dew of happiness,
And chase the merry sunbeams to their lair.
We'll steal some busy fairy's skein of gold,
And match it with the glory of your hair.

And when the laughing day is gone to rest,
We'll watch the shadow-fairies come and play.
We'll listen to the songs of shadow sprites,
And with them wait the coming of the day.

We'll watch the Mother-Moon, high in the sky,
With rays of rarest gold bedeck the streams.
We'll steal a few bewitching magic strands,
And weave the golden fabric of our dreams.

Jacksonville Daily Journal. William A. Bartlett, Jr.

MOTH-MULLEN.

Aloft on slender, swaying spike
Beside the road I see
A tuft of blossoms crumpled-like
And fragile as can be.
Like moths they look to common view—
Ghost-revellers of night,
Surprised by morning sun and dew,
Ere they had thought of flight.

Jacksonville Daily Journal.

John Kearns.

MARJORIE.

I love you, gentle Marjorie, believe me when I say,
I love you, dearly love you, as the flowers love the
May;
Your rosy cheeks and hazel eyes, and hair of minted
gold;
And far or near; O tell me, dear, you love me as of
old!

When first I met you, Marjorie, how sweet your girlish
grace!
It thrilled my soul with ecstasy! (I note the time and
place);
And there and then I worshipped you, and midst the
doubts and fears,
My love has grown as I have grown, and strengthened
with the years!

At mention of your very name a thousand memories
start,
That blossom into loveliness, and cluster 'round my
heart!
The music of the thought of you, is like a lilting rhyme,
And sweeter than the song of birds in merry summer
time!

Have you forgot the fragrant May when you were
named the Queen?
And that you kindly chose me, dear, to crown you on
the green?
Beneath the tree, that golden day, athrill with magic
power,
I crowned you there with flowers, and yourself the
fairest flower!

You were beloved by old and young, your kind and
winning ways,
Moved every one to bless you, dear, with tender words
of praise!
A welcome waited on your steps, where'er they chanced
to fall;
Your presence was a sunshine, and you loved me best
of all!

Now, Marjorie, your girlhood days have flown on
happy wing;
And early youth has ripened in the mellow glow of
spring;
A woman grown; and fate has thrown the shadow of
a line,
That darkens all my fondest hopes—your station here,
and mine!

I see you, beautiful and pure, with lovers by the score ;
And you are rich in joy and wealth, while I am sad
and poor ;
My path is rough and lowly, dear ; your way is smooth
and high ;
But hear me, gentle Marjorie, I'll love you 'till I die !
K. Lamity's Harpoon. *Luther A. Lawhon.*

THE END OF A GOLDEN STRING.

I give you the end of a golden string
That leads to a garden fair,
Where roses twine and the dewdrops shine,
For 'tis always summer there.

And the birds are glad and no one's sad
In this garden fenced with love,
Where with hearts attune we hold sweet commune
And the skies are blue above.

For once inside the hours glide
Like fairies on flutt'ring wing,
As the flowers sweet press 'neath your feet
As you follow the golden string.

And winding this thread, as your steps are led,
You will come at last to a gate
Where 'tis always June, and the world's in tune,
In the land where the angels wait.

Syracuse Herald.

Alice L. Churchill.

HOB0 DAN.

Just a hobo, shuffling slowly
Down a dark deserted street,
Clothed in shabby, misfit garments,
Shoes in tatters on his feet.

Homeless, hungry and discouraged,
With a mood of dark despair,
Bleary eyes forever pleading,
Forehead seamed with lines of care.

Weary outcast, barred forever
From the fellowship of man,
Just a loafer on the corner,
Worthless, useless, Hobo Dan.

Syracuse Post-Standard.

George Walter.

HAREBELLS.

[This poem was suggested by finding clusters of this rare and beautiful flower on Mount Cutler, Hiram, Me.]

Sweet little flower, blooming on the ledges,
And in the rifts between,
And fringing with thy bloom the ragged edges
Of the wild, deep ravine.

Eyes, blue as thou art, fondly bend above thee,
This perfect morning hour,
And hearts as pure are lingering, to love thee,
Thou pretty, modest flower.

So may it be, while Time's relentless finger
Shall point towards the tomb;
May loving friends along our pathway linger,
And flowers of friendship bloom.

When I shall turn from life's stern toil and duty
To cross the unknown sea,
May such sweet flowers, in all their regal beauty,
Bloom there to welcome me.

In the dear land that knows no pain or sadness,
As glide the joyous hours,
Does the dear one for whom my soul is sighing,
Pluck such sweet, lovely flowers?
Boston Evening Transcript. Llewellyn A. Wadsworth.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The sun shone down on the canon slope,
And it blazed on the old ore grade,
And it showed a diamond back asleep
In the rut that the ore carts made.

Like brocade wire and velvet, stretched
Full length in the blaze of noon.
Then an Indian fairy waked him up,
For the fairies are immune.

He yawned, with a sinuous, rippling wave,
Of his diamond studded hide,
And I heard him recite to that Indian fay,
With a grin that was straight and wide;

My eyes are the eyes of a basilisk,
Cold and brilliant and hard,
My long slim coat is of tapestry
Studded with diamonds velvety,
And though I have worn it constantly,
It never has been marred.

They say I'm the gentleman of my race
And fair and sportsmanlike;
And they say, though my sack of virus
Is a fluid that's deadly venomous,
Yet I give a warning courteous
By rattling ere I strike.

But when, unsuspecting, along the trail,
Came foes that are straight and tall,
Then gone is my sleepy langour,
Though they do not know their danger,
Though my body is tense with anger,
Though my nerves are tautly strung,
And I'm out to kill,
That fury that shakes me rattles my tail;
I cannot keep it still.
That I warn is nonsense utter,
For I try not to make a flutter;
I'm so mad that I hiss and sputter,
Before I can find my tongue.
For I am but a snake with my life at stake,
And I hate them one and all.

New Canan Advertiser.

Orville Leonard.

COME GO WITH ME A-GIPSYING.

Come go with me a-gipsying
Upon the greenwood trail;
We'll join the caravan that winds
Down to the distant sail;
Our tent shall be a rose thicket,
When night her blanket spreads;
We'll rest upon earth's warm bosom
With stars above our heads.

The threnody of wild bird notes
Shall wake us at the dawn;
When we shall speed as fleet away
As some shy woodland fawn;
I'll bind your brow with daisies gold
Beside some silvery stream;
While you shall from their petals read
The answer to my dream.

Nor hoofs nor walls shall hold us in,
Far mountains, vales and sea
We'll travel o'er if you'll consent
To take the trail with me;
No boundaries shall encompass,
Wide, wide are our domains:
We'll hark the bells at eventide
Sound softly o'er the plains.

And we'll turn back, no, never more;
But fare on merrily;
Sunsets and dawns shall find us far
Upon the sunlit sea;
Islands and coral reefs we'll claim
Fief held out for a day.
Hail to the outbound caravan,
Come, gipsy maid, away.

Los Angeles Times.

Mabel W. Phillips

WEE BABY GIRL.

Wee baby girl, we love you so,
You're sweeter than all the flowers that grow;
You gurgle and kick and laugh and coo,
What do you mean when you say "agoo"?
Where did you get those sparkling eyes?
They're brighter than any sunshiny skies,
What do you dream, when you smile in your sleep?
When dear little fairies their vigil keep?
Are they weaving for you a wonderful spell?
A happy future where all is well—
Where life is just one perfect song,
And you're happy-dear as the day is long?

Wee baby girl, very soon you will walk,
Then bye and bye you'll begin to talk
And life, which should be one perfect song,
With its worries and cares—will come along.
May God keep your heart ever pure and bright
To always do what you know is right,
For there's many a dreary and weary load,
As you wander along Life's varied road.
If we who love you had our way
You'd grow no older day by day,
But stay the sweetest thing that trod,
A baby, fresh from the hands of God.

Detroit News.

Clara Miehm.

CHILDHOOD.

I have hunted in the lilies and the canterbury bells
For the fairies and the brownies and the elves.
I have pondered and have wondered why the kittens
couldn't talk;
And I've puzzled how the stars could light them-
selves.
I have made the nests for bunnies when the Easter-
tide has come,
And confided to my mother where they were.
I have wondered how the bunnies could discover hid-
den nests,
And have searched the candy eggs for rabbit fur.

When the snowy eve of Christmas came, I used to
stay awake

Just to listen for the reindeer's gentle hoofs,
And I knew that Santa Claus came down the sooty
chimney flue

When he left his pack—then flew to other roofs.
I could laugh at nearly everything with unpretended
glee,

All the sunshine in the world was my lot.
Every tragedy was short and always washed away
with tears.

I would like to be again that happy tot!
All the stories of the princes and the princesses and
such

Used to seem like real to my baby mind.
I would give my life, my treasures, yes, my jewels,
and my books,

If but one year more of childhood I could find.
Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Helen Emma Maring.

SONG OF A DEMENTED OLD MAN*.

Long corridors and silly faces,
Locked doors, barred windows, and white-aproned
nurses;

A wistful wife her mind-sick man embraces,
While on the grounds he fiddles and chants verses.

“Welcome to my garden shady,
Welcome as the flowers in Spring;
Welcome to my court, fair lady,
I will play for you and sing.

“Wake up, fiddle! Why act jady?
Treat Miss to your softest tune,
For the presence of the lady
Is to me a precious boon.

“No, you do not look like Sadie,
But you bring back days long passed,
When that young and handsome lady
Brought me love too sweet to last.

*Founded on an incident at the Arkansas Insane
Asylum on a Visitor's Day.

“Long indeed has my dear Sadie
 Been a spirit with white wings,
But her soul sings to me, lady,
 As winds touch my fiddle strings.

“And my fiddle, gentle lady,
 Knows with what a wealth of love
I still worship that dear Sadie
 Who now lives in realms above.”

He plays and sings, his face suffused with pleasure,
 As near him stands his now forgotten wife.
Not only madmen disregard a treasure—
 It is a cloud that darkens many a life.

The Arkansas Gazette.

Fred W. Allsopp.

LADDIE OF MINE.

There's a little house on the hilltop
 Snuggled closely among the trees
And every eve at twilight
 A song wafts out on the breeze.
A song that is glad, yet lonely,
 But filled with a hope divine;
It's the little old lady singing,
 “Laddie, dear laddie of mine.”

Will you come home in the springtime,
 Or will it be in the fall?
But Laddie was many a mile away
 And never came home at all.
He sleeps in the land of the Lilies
 With other lads, stalwart and fine;
The little old lady keeps singing,
 “Laddie, dear laddie of mine.”

Her eyes with sad tears grow dimmer,
 Her hopes and her dreams all die.
Tho she knows she will meet her laddie
 In the sweet, sweet bye and bye,
Far away from the land of the Lilies,
 Far away from the battle line;
Still she keeps singing and singing,
 “Laddie, dear laddie of mine.”

He sleeps in the land of the Lilies ;
She sleeps in the land of the Free,
For death called, and she answered
Gently, with sweet humility.
And she never knew that her laddie
In France, 'neath a sheltering pine,
Heard her sing as he dreamed in the shadows,
"Laddie, dear laddie of mine."

Detroit News.

Clara Miehm

MY TREASURE CHEST.

I've gathered up those dearer things
With which I would not part,
And laid them carefully away—
Yet close beside my heart ;
Those things on which Time has no lien,
The things I love the best,
The priceless things more dear than life—
These are my treasure chest.

My confidence in fellow man
And my belief in God ;
The heritage of my old home
Deep rooted in the sod ;
My rosary of sorrow,
My beatitude of tears ;
The glory of my mother's love
Still shining through the years ;

The fullness of the summer noon,
The o'er flowing harvest horn,
The whiteness of a winter night,
The flowers of April's morn ;
The soul that lurks within a song,
The faith within a child,
The beauty that all nature holds
For one who loves the wild :

Mere wisdom never can replace
Illusions fair of youth,
And yet these things I've hoarded up
And wrapped about with Truth
Are recompense for all the days;
They'll stand the final test
Of the fit and the eternal,
Deep within my treasure chest.

Kansas City Star.

Will S. Denham.

NIGHT.

Majestic mistress of the day, how calm, how kind
thou art,
When all his weary creatures lay their heads against
thy heart.
Thou bendest o'er the darkened land with queenly
diadem,
And nature lifts her fainting hand to touch thy garment's hem.
Thy tears are her reviving shower, so mild each mood
of thine.
The opening bud, the wakening flower, send incense
to thy shrine.
Hushed by thy presence, glorious night, our petty
strife dispel—
Brood o'er us on thy endless flight, and whisper, "All
is well."

The El Reno Democrat.

Augusta True.

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

Mourn him not.
He needs no tears who hath withstood
His human years with brotherhood;
Who sought the lost that he might gain,
Whate'er the cost, the Master's reign
Within their hearts. His was a life
That faith imparts. In every strife
A conqueror thru Him and more
Than conqueror; he's gone before,
So mourn him not.

Mourn him not.
What place for tears? He saw but joy
Thru mortal biers. Can death destroy
A mighty soul so Godward bent?
But clay pays toll. Oh, be content
That here, as yon, he lives again,
With everyone, this man of men.
Like some fair star that threads the skies,
Guides from afar, but never dies.
So mourn him not.

Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

ROOMMATES.

I went into the room and closed the door,
To stand and look upon the empty space,
That used to hold the windsor ties you wore,
When we were chums within this dear old place.

When June time comes, somehow it always brings
Back to my mind, when I come in this room,
A quick remembrance of the little things
We used to do within the quiet gloom.

An open drawer, a book, a gold bar-pin,
Your perfume on the dresser, and just here—
You rose to greet me when I first came in,
Girl dear, girl dear.

Ten years have passed, yet over me the charm
Of college days will linger till the end,
And with those times affection deep and warm
For you, my friend.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Floyd Meredith.

OCTOBER WEATHER.

There's a certain eerie sadness
Tempered with exultant gladness
In October weather.

Vanished is June's fertile sweetness,
July's mellow rare completeness;
August fleeing with September
Leaves a beauty earth remembers
In October weather.

The long rows of china aster
Stiffly face a sure disaster,
The vine grasped by the frost's keen fingers
Shrivels where it deserted lingers;
Summer suns are mirrored brightly
From the trees the frosts touch lightly
In October weather.

There's the courage of the mountains
And the daring of the rivers,
There's the wisdom of the meadows
Autumn holds and guards forever,
And they give a ripened gladness
Tinctured with a shadowy sadness
To October weather.

The Lexington Herald.

Mabel Douglas Essay.

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I hereby express my obligation and gratitude to the following publishers and authors for the material used in this book:

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ADAIR COUNTY NEWS, Columbia, Ky.	
Springtime in Kentucky, <i>Robert L. Campbell</i> ...	41
<small>Mr. Campbell was born at Dirigo, Ky., 1880, which place is his home. He is an attorney and for a number of years has held a Government position. He is the author of a large number of poems which have been widely copied.</small>	
THE ALBANY SUNDAY DEMOCRAT, Albany, N. Y.	
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<small>John Wingfield Gatewood is the pen name of Eugene Thaddeus Luckie. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., 1872. Educated in the Atlanta public schools. Real estate dealer. Interested in music and poetry. Author of "Old De Kalb" Home, Atlanta, Ga.</small>	
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<small>Miss Howes was born in Summerville, Mass. Educated at Boston University. Poet. Home, Boise City, Idaho.</small>	

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Miss Stone was the oldest woman voter in Massachusetts. She wrote the poem here published on her 103rd birthday. She was born at Bangor, Maine, October 5th, 1818. Died October, 1921.	
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Arthur Goodenough was born at Brattleboro, Vt., 1871. He is a farmer and writer, and the author of several books of poems. His home is in West Brattleboro, Vt.	

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Mr Burns was born in Buffalo, N. Y., 1854. He is president of Palburn, Inc., Wholesale Lumber. President Buffalo Children's Aid Society Warden in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is the author of many poems of merit. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.	

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Mr Heath was born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1860. Graduate Williams College, 1882. Trustee Chicago Academy of Sciences. Trustee McCormack Theological Seminary. Trustee First Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Member University Club. Secretary Class of 1882, Williams College. Vice president Michigan Society. Seed merchant 1882 to 1922. Home, Chicago, Ill

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Sanford Wayne Gard was born at Brocton, Ill., 1899. He is a writer of note and is interested in nature, literature and photography. At present is teaching in the Cushing Hill School, Rangoon, Burma. He was educated at Jacksonville (Ill.) High School and Illinois College (A. B.). Home, Jacksonville, Ill.

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Laura Blackburn is the pen name of Chas. G. Blanden. Author of "Lyrics," a Bookfellow book. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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Marie Tello Phillips (Mrs. Watson P. Phillips) is a well known poet, lecturer, art critic and feature writer. Her home is in Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Miss Elliston was born at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Educated at Covington (Ky.) High School. On staff of the Times-Star. Author of "Every Day Poems." Home, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

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Mr. Ferril was born in Denver, Colo., 1896. Educated in the Denver public schools and Colorado College (A. B.). Dramatic editor on the Denver Times. Home, Denver, Colo.

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Mrs. Crowley was born in Lowell, Mass. Educated at St. Catherine's Academy, Omaha, Neb. She is chairman of the Arts and Crafts Department, Iowa General Federation of Women's Clubs. Her home is in Des Moines, Iowa.

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Myrtella Southerland (Mrs. Frank V. Keip) was born in Rasin Valley, Mich. She is a writer and musician. Her poems are of a high order, and her book, "Along the Gipsy Trail," has met with a kind reception by the critics. Her home is in Adrian, Mich.

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Mr. Hadley was born in Monrovia, Ind., 1855. He is in the mercantile business. Author of "Heart Throbs" The above poem was written on the occasion of the Oklahoma State Press Association meeting in this city. Home, El Reno, Okla.

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Mr. Roesner was born in Denver, Colo., 1874. Educated at the State Normal School, Chico, Cal., and the University of California. Writer and farmer. Interested in poetry, sociology, hunting and fishing. Likes to explore odd corners of big cities at home and abroad. Home, Live Oak, Cal.

FOREIGN SERVICE, New York City, N. Y.

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Mr. Barker was born at Beulah, New Mexico, 1894. Educated at Normal University, Las Vegas, New Mex. Professor of English in same. Poet and short story writer. Home, East Las Vegas, New Mexico

THE GRAPHIC-REPUBLICAN, Lake City, Minn.

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Maude Gue Goodrich (Mrs Leroy A. Goodrich) was born at Durand, Wis., and educated in the public schools of that place. She describes herself as a "homemaker, wife and mother." She is interested in public welfare, club, school, lodge and church work. Home, Lake City, Minn.

THE HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Mrs. Wood was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Educated at Berkley Institute. Author of "The Voice of One" Home, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Dr. Goodhue was born at Arthabaskaville, Canada. He is the author of a number of books of poems. His latest work, a tribute to Roosevelt, is an anthology that must be classed among the important books of the year. He is giving his time to creating a memorial park in honor of Roosevelt. His home is at Roosevelt, Molokai, Hawaii.

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Judge Lawhon is a member of the Texas bar, lawyer,
poet and lecturer. Home, San Antonio, Texas.
- THE KANSAS CITY JOURNAL, Kansas City,
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Mr. Kelsey was born in Atchison, Kan. First graduate
(M. A.) Midland College Special farm loan examiner,
Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company. Supreme rep-
resentative Knights of Pythias. Author "Poems of Op-
timism," "Random Rhymes." Home, Kansas City, Mo.
- THE KANSAS CITY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.
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Mr Saunders was born at Wamego, Kan. He is a mu-
sician and writer. Leader Department of Music in Kansas
Authors' Club. Teacher of piano. Collector of literary
manuscripts. Home, Wamego, Kan.
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Mr. Walker was born at Shelton, Neb. He is an archi-
tect and is interested in art and literature. Home, Eldorado,
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stein*.....103
Judge Lowenstein was born in Monroe County, Tenn.
Author of "Memorial Poems." All of Judge Lowenstein's
poems are copyrighted and are used here with his permis-
sion. Home, Kansas City, Mo.
My Treasure Chest, *William S. Denham*.....122
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Will S. Denham was born in St Louis, Mo., 1893.
Graduate University of Missouri, 1916. Journalist. Free
lance Author of "The Last Camp Fire." Home, Kansas
City, Mo.
The Wanderer, *Esther Clark Hill*..... 79
Miss Hill was born in Neosho County, Kan. Educated
in Chanute (Kan.) High School and University of Kansas.
Author of "Verses of a Commonplace Person" Home,
Chanute, Kan.

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Miguel Arce was born at Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. Educated at Guadalajara and Mexico City. Newspaper writer. Author of "Poesias y cuentos sueltos" (Poems and Other Stories). Home, Eagle Pass, Texas.	
THE LEWISTON EVENING JOURNAL, Lewiston, Maine.	
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Father Cassidy (Charles J. Cassidy) was born in Portland, Maine, 1874. Educated at Baltimore, Md., and Montreal, P. Q. Clergyman. Home, Portland, Maine.	
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Miss Crone was born at West Lebanon, Ind. She is a seamstress, and is interested in art and music. Home, Los Angeles, Cal.	
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Mrs. Lipp was born in Webster, Kas. Educated at the University of Louisiana and Colorado College. One of the coming poets of the South. Home, Shaw, Miss.	
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Mr. Fandel was born in Aedhtrnach, Luxembourg, 1862, and came to America in 1871. Salesman, playwright and dramatic critic. Home, St. Paul, Minn.	
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Rev. Greenwood was born near Courtland, N. Y., 1859. Educated at McGraw Union School, Homer Academy, Colgate Theological Seminary. Formerly a printer, reporter and editor. Pastor First Baptist Church, Detroit, Minnesota.	

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Mr. Leonard was born in Jersey City, N. J., 1868. Educated at Trinity School, New York City. "Business man, mine operator, hand miner, free-lance writer." Interested in History, Indians, Fairies, Art, Literature, and the West. Author "The Land Where the Sunsets Go." Home, New Canaan, Conn.

THE NEW YORK HERALD, New York City.

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Miss Seigrist is Art Editor of the New York Sun. She was born in Johnstown, Pa., and educated in the Public Schools of Lebanon, Pa., Millersville State Normal, and Columbia University. Her home is in New York City.

THE NEW YORK POST, New York City.

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Mr. Alling is President of the Alberta Pearl Button Company. Author of "Songs and Sonnets." Home, Montclair, N. J.

THE NEW YORK SUN, New York City.

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Prof. Smith was born at Malta, Ill., 1866. Educated at Beloit College, Fairfield College, Cotner University. He is a member of the faculty of Drake University. Author of text-books, serials, and poems. Home, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Miss Stewart's home is in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is interested in Music, Art and the Theater.

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Vilda Sauvage Owens (Mrs. R. Elliott Owens), was born in Wales, received her early education in England, and graduated from Vassar College in 1900. Her home is in at Courtland, N. Y.

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Edna Mead (Mrs. Samuel O. Spearing), was born in South Orange, N. J., in 1887. Her interests are literature, the theater, outdoor sports, and social service. Home, New York City.

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Mr. Moreland was born at Norfolk, Va., 1880. He is cashier of the City Water Department, Norfolk. Editor of the "Lyric," a Magazine of Verse. Author of "Red Poppies in the Wheat." Home, Norfolk, Va.

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Mrs. Brooks is a writer of short stories and poetry. She was born in Halifax County, Va., 1881. Her home is in Oxford, N. C.	
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Miss Blake was born at Ottumwa, Iowa, 1869. Educated at Bethany College, Topeka, Kas. Her home is at Montrose, Colo.	
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Miss Maring was born in Seattle, in 1900. She is a student at the University of Washington, and Assistant at the Seattle Juvenile Court. She wrote her first poem at the age of six, and recognized as one of the leading press poets of the Northwest. She has been represented by two or more poems in each issue of the Anthology. Her home is in Seattle, Wash.	
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Mrs. Lyman was born at Williamsport, Pa., 1862. Her interests are writing, floral gardening, golf, and social service. Home, Longmeadow, Mass.	
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Dr. Marshall was born at Lemester, N. H., 1849. Educated at the University of Vermont; Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, and Harvard University. Author of "Light and Shadow," "Launching and Landing," and other books of poems. Home, New Salem, Mass.	

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<small>Mrs. Frasier is a writer and lecturer who has made a place for herself among the best talent of the South. She is the President of the Dothan Writers' Club, and the author of "Fagots of Fancy." Her home is in Dothan, Ala.</small>	
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<small>Mr. Conklin was born at Noblesville, Ind., 1869. Reporter, Playwright, Novelist, Poet. Soldier in the Philippine Islands, Lake Seaman, Woodsman. Home, Washington, D. C.</small>	
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William John Barr Moses was born at Terrace, Minn., 1874. Educated at Hamline University; University of Minnesota, and the University of Chicago. Editor "Wausau Record-Herald." Author of "Dreaming River." Home, Wausau,

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PALMER, WILLIAM KIMBERLY. *Armena*. Chicopee, Mass. John J. Danahey.

PALMER, WILLIAM KIMBERLY. *Immortal Ireland*. Chicopee, Mass. Published by the Author.

SEAL, LYNAS C. *Songs of a Lifetime*. Columbus, Ind. Published by the Author.

SOUTHERLAND, MYRTILLA. *Along the Gipsy Trail*. Boston. The Stratford Company.

